War Cry

The All Round the World

The Army Chariot, Bells

Registered June 1885

An Official Gazette Of The Salvation Army, Canada.

Vol. V. No. 254. TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1889. Price 5 Cents.

From "All the World."

Just the story of a woman's life; not a woman noble, talented or famous, but an outcast drunkard of the London slums; one out of the thousands who rend the night air with their cries and drunken curses; one of the multitude who daily pass from a life of self-caused misery into an eternity of woe. In any of the large streets in the East-end you will see them by scores, in different stages of intoxication, or thronging, maddened and desperate, to draw the last feeling of womanhood left in them, to the drink shops, where they can get "three pennyworth" of liquid oblivion.

"Yes, I know it is very horrible—the way these poor wretches live," said a lady to me, as I tried to bring a picture of life in the slums before her. "Only let us talk of something interesting now."

And she left the common-place wearisome subject of her fellow creatures' miseries for the more absorbing topic of her last success in the singing world.

If this be your feeling too, do not read any further, or you will not be able to plead ignorance when the day of reckoning comes.

"He that knew his Master's will and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

* * * *

"God knows it's hard on me," said Tom Gunn, as he leant his grey head on his arms and sighed wearily. "I have done all that man could do for her, and now to find this again!"

He met us (see cut 1) old box in the middle of the empty room, sick in mind and body, with the cold of the deserted house striking him to the bone. Just discharged from the Brompton Hospital as an incurable sufferer from combined chest diseases, with a warning that only the utmost care could prolong his life many months, he had come home to find that his wife had sold up everything, and was, as the neighbors told him with engaging candor, "Off on the drink and general rampage." No wonder that he sobbed like a child, and felt that all the light had gone out of his life! No wonder that his thin fingers clinched themselves with a tight grasp that told of despair!

When their married life had begun, all seemed to promise a happy, comfortable existence. He had installed the bright-faced, North-country lass as mistress of a well-furnished lodging-house, while he was making money very fast in the grocer's shop below. A few peaceful years followed, and when baby came, no people in England were more happy.

Had that baby boy lived, maybe the terrible years of sorrow and sin that followed might never have been. Who can say? But he was always weakly, and after four months of constant nursing they closed the coffin lid above his little, white face.

Then Margaret Gunn began to drink heavily. Poor Tom was dumb-founded at the discovery. He sold his business, and took his wife to Paris for a time, in hopes of curing her. Then they went into another lodging-house, in Birmingham; but here again she broke out worse than ever, and in a drunken fit fell down a long flight of stairs, breaking her skull, and running a hair-pin some two inches into her head. After a long illness, she kept moderately sober, until her second child came. Thank God, that the poor, sad-eyed, large-headed little thing, so terribly quiet and still, only lived a few days, and that the little soul soon flew back to its Creator; but when it died Margaret again began to drink very hard, and for weeks was never sober. Her husband was ruined in his trade, and they drifted down lower and lower, until "home" meant two rooms somewhere in a network of London streets.

Of course the continuous drinking told on Margaret's brain, and in her frenzies she twice tried to leap from a high window into the street, and once threw herself from a bridge below Deptford, into the Thames, whence she was rescued with great difficulty.

No wonder that the doctor at Newgate said she was "past redemption!"

While she was serving her sentence out in prison, a third little one was born, and Tom, perhaps for its sake, met her at the gate and took them both back to the little home he had made bright and pretty to receive them. This baby lived and grew strong. She was a very pretty child, and they christened her "Angelina," a name that was shortened by the neighbors into the less euphonious one of "Hangy." Both her parents loved her passionately, and her mother's out-breaks became rarer, though she was never quite cured. Poor Tom had a paralytic stroke down one side, and could only earn a few coppers by grinding tunes out of a barrel organ of his own construction, which he pushed on a little truck before him.

Perhaps it was the sad look of the poor fellow, as well as the exceeding lack of tune in the organ, that moved people's hearts. Anyhow, he got enough to keep them comfortable, Margaret helping by hawking lace when she was sober.

In the summer they went hopping, for the sake of Angy's health, since the stifling air of the streets in June soon made her little cheeks pale. But the more money they earned the more powerless Margaret seemed to resist temptation. Once, she draw all the hopping money, unknown to her husband, and went off with it and the six-year-old Angy. She was tipsy for some time, and when she came to her senses, she found the child was gone!

A terrible horror seized her lest Angy's beauty had attracted the attention of some of the hoppers, and she had been carried off to live a life to which death would be preferable. Maddened with remorse, she threw herself from the highest bridge in Maidstone; but again she was rescued, and awoke to find herself in the hospital, with a constable waiting to take her before the magistrates when she recovered.

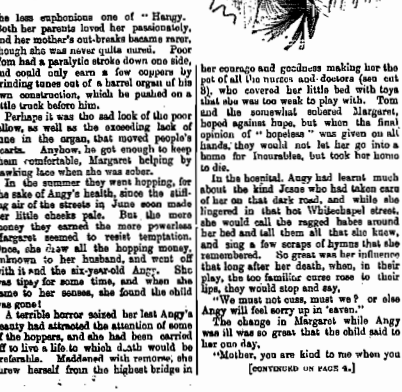
Poor Tom, half crazed by the disappearance of his wife and child, searched the country for them, and at last found Angy in the workhouse at Woolwich, she having run towards London in her search for "Daddy."

"Daddy, dear daddy!" she sobbed out as she clung piteously to him. "Little Angy was so tired on the dark road; but she did pray to Jesus to take care of her, and then she went to sleep on some nice stones." (See cut 2.)

Her poor little feet were most terribly cut and blistered when a kind-hearted waggoner picked her up.

A French author has defined love as "an admiration which never wearies;" but in this case, any kind of admiration must long have been destroyed. Yet this man once more opened his noble heart to his sinful wife, and took her home, when she had been dismissed by the magistrates with a caution.

But the most terrible trial of his life now fell on him. His black-haired, rosy little Angy developed hip disease. Hospital after hospital was tried without success, and the tiny patient bore two or three terrible operations without shrinking,



her courage and goodness making her the pet of all the nurses and doctors (see cut 3), who covered her little bed with toys that she was too weak to play with. Tom and the somewhat sobered Margaret, hoped against hope, but when the final opinion of "hopeless" was given on all hands, they would not let her go into a home for incurables, but took her home to die.

In the hospital Angy had learnt much about the kind Jesus who had taken care of her on that dark road, and while she lingered in that hot Whitechapel street, she would call the ragged babes around her bed and tell them all that she knew, and sing a few scraps of hymns that she remembered. So great was her influence that long after her death, when, in their play, the too familiar curse rose to their lips, they would stop and say,

"We must not cuss, must we? or else Angy will feel sorry up in 'eaven."

The change in Margaret while Angy was ill was so great that the child said to her one day,

"Mother, you are kind to me when you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

WANTED!

WANTED—Every unsaved one to come to Jesus. Apply at Calvary.
WANTED—All believers to get sanctified. Apply at the Fountain.
WANTED—Old and young to be filled with the Holy Ghost. Inquire at the Throne.
WANTED—All to do their uttermost to snatch souls from the burning. Ask for power every morning.
WANTED You to sell twice as many War Crys this week as you did last.
WANTED—Those who have not read "The Holy Ghost," by Mrs. Booth, to get it at once from Headquarters.
WANTED—To have no backsliders in connection with any Corps.—Keep working.
WANTED—No drones — out - and - out workers. What can I do? Inquire!
WANTED—All soldiers at Knee-Drill next Sunday. Ask the Lord to wake you up in time.
WANTED—All to enter the Salvation gate before closing time. Knock and go in.
WANTED—Everyone to love and serve God with all their hearts. Start now.
WANTED—All our friends not yet enrolled, to join the Auxiliary League.
WANTED—The name of the first man, woman or child who trusted in God and were put to confusion.
WANTED—The dates, words and particulars of the promises that God ever failed to keep to the letter and in spirit.

More troops are wanted—soldiers that fear not cold looks nor cold shoulders; warriors of fire, full of light and heat, full of burning love for souls.

Army Hirelings.

Spiritual Dyspepsia. Spiritual Loafers. Spiritual Death.

BY J. READ.

EVERYBODY knows pretty well what the word "hireling" means in its general sense, but the fact that such beings do really exist in the ranks of our dear Army is enough to make me feel a bit righteously indignant if there is such a feeling.

This subject needs no introduction whatever, and any one reading verses 11, 12 and 13 of the tenth chapter of John will have a pretty good idea of what a "spiritual hireling" really means, and seeing these words come direct from the blessed Saviour they should bear such a terrible weight with every Army officer and soldier. To my mind it seems that the only and true definition of an Army hireling is as follows:—

"One who professes to be saved, wears the uniform, testifies, marches the streets, and all the rest of the round of duty but fails to accomplish any real spiritual good, and when an emergency comes, flees from his post." Now surely this is what Christ meant when He said, "But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth."

Now there is a great deal of this run away business done in our ranks. Lots of poor drunkards and harlots are shunned and showed the cold shoulder by those who ought really to be their shepherds and helpers. The thought of this has been borne in upon my very soul lately, and the war is suffering through an abundance of these hirelings, who to judge from their actions, have either come into the Army for a living, or are very very wrong in soul and spiritual life, for actions will speak louder than any of their words. Of course such people are models, pillars in the Army; nay, big guns if you take stock of what they say, and believe all the wonderful stories of battles fought by them. They can soon cram you full up with a lot of news, but when the time comes for action, either in the prayer meeting, open-air, visitation, War Cry selling, or standing for Christ alone on the street corner, all this so-called bravery and devotion to and for the war amounts to nothing less than wind and words, for their place is empty and they are missing.

Now it will be well to face a few stern facts. The Word says:—"If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hands." If this be true, and we know it is, then what an Inquisition of blood there will be at God's bar for those who have failed to do this, for the hundreds of hirelings who, while palming themselves off as co-workers with Christ, have all the time been rotten in heart and purpose, and have been the means of deluding and damning crowds of dear precious sinners. Awful fact to face, and yet this kind of people are to be found, all up and down the great S.A. and every other sheep fold of the blessed Lord and Master. The doom pronounced on such shams will be terrible in the extreme.

Of course they will have countless excuses to offer the King of Glory but these will avail nothing, these will not suffice for the blood of the numberless throng of the damned who point to these hirelings as the people who led them astray, blind leaders of the blind, lights hid under a bushel, watchmen giving an uncertain sound.

Awful, awful condition to be in. Far better would it have been for such had they never lisped the name of Jesus or come into the Army than to have been the ruination and damnation of so many who may have enjoyed heaven through all eternity, but who, through the unfaithfulness of others will spend their eternity with the lost in hell for ever.

Generally speaking these hirelings suffer from three very bad diseases which are far worse than any bodily disease. No cure can be found for them in the laboratories of the most eminent physician. Nor can the patent medicines sold by quack and street doctors avail anything in these terrible complaints, for they are in connection with the soul, and the only remedy is the precious blood of Him who was always found hard at it, "fighting it out"—our great Captain Jesus Christ.

"Some one blundered in giving orders," was part of the heading over the account of a terrible railway collision which appeared in a recent paper, and as the agonizing cry "I'm lost! I'm lost!" bursts from the lips of the lost sinner, surely the very same conclusion can be come to on the part of the unfaithful watchmen, the hirelings—Some one has blundered, some one had given an uncertain sound, some one had failed to warn them faithfully.

But what are these diseases that upset the lives of all these hirelings? Here are some:

1. Spiritual Dyspepsia. Looking at this disease naturally what a terrible one it is. The patient is gloomy, morose, feels like falling to pieces, is always tired, nerves are all shattered up, can't bear the least noise, seems always out of sorts with everybody and everything, and its symptoms are often so bad that the sufferer would gladly die, and be done with all this mental pain and agony which arises from the dire, dread complaint—dyspepsia.

But horrid as these results are; what shall I say about the Salvation Soldier who is a martyr to the devil of "Spiritual Dyspepsia?" Let us just mention a few of his ailments: Lukewarm service, lots of frivolity, no back bone, no love for desperate agressive fighting, loves the loaves and fishes, indefinite testimony, late rising, a carelessness for sinners' salvation, all of self but none of God, full of excuses, a don't care mood, first love gone, and yet amid it all such sufferers as these still retain a testimony and still dare to wear the Army uniform, which means such a great deal. They dare to let this be a covering for their heart which all the time is a hot-bed for the above results of this terrible spiritual dyspepsia. Now surely this is a most unenviable position to be in, and what makes it worse, every real healthy spiritual man and woman can easily detect these symptoms in those around them. The unreal life belies the testimony. The lack of genuine godly earnestness gives the dyspeptic soldier clean away, and with such a sounding-brass and tinkling-cymbal life, it is no wonder that their neighbors and the sinners generally refuse to believe a word they say either on or off the platform, and of course the dear old Army suffers so much, and the quicker the names of such are off our rolls the better will it be for us as an Army. But there is a cure for such invalided ones, and it is the "Blood of Jesus." Spiritual dyspeptic one, for your soul's sake, be willing to let the Lord make a good cure of your sickness. He is able to give you strength, to build you up, to make you work, and sound abroad this certain cure for the spiritual dyspepsia.

2. Hirelings are generally spiritual loafers. Loafing is a horrid disease. Now, what is worse than a loafer? He likes to get a living in the easiest way he can, and many of them can and do live without work. There are soldiers who will stand by and see their officers march, toil, sing and slave, without rendering them the least assistance.

The following was a question recently sent to the "Curious Column:" "What do you think of two sergeants who stood on the sidewalk while the captain and lieutenant were marching all alone down the street?"

Of course we leave all right-minded and right-souled people to come to a right conclusion as to the amount or quality of such a salvation which these two watchmen (?) possessed. They surely should be, to say the least, classed as spiritual loafers, far worse than the ordinary natural lazy man. And are there not many of this kind, who do afford to stand at the outside of the battle, witness the bloody carnage, hear the cries of the lost and damned, gaze into the faces of the poor human wrecks which sin has defaced and disfigured, see their comrades in arms die all around them, and yet amid all this they are so inanimate, so lifeless, so lazy, so disinterested that they make no effort whatever to take up the sword, rush to the fray and do their share in rescuing a half-damned world of humanity. A man of business, a worldly boss, hates the very appearance of laziness in any of his employees. I wonder how the Lord of Hosts feels as He gazes into the unfruitful, useless, powerless lives of some Salvation Soldiers? You know how He weeps at such conduct. Therefore, to all spiritual loafers I would say, "Arouse out of your state of lethargy, buckle on the armour, for Christ has died that you might have life and have it more abundantly." His power is such a sure and perfect remedy to awaken sleepy soldiers and make them alive and active.

3. Such people generally die spiritually. And death is the end of *all diseases.* We naturally shrink from death. Death implies that all life is gone. What is more repulsive than death? What a chill of horror to look upon an emaciated dead body. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," is an old saying but a true one, and a soldier can go on gradually day by day, suffering from all these symptoms of spiritual dyspepsia till he becomes as dead in heart as logs of wood, consequently no one seeks his company. He is scorned by those to whom he ought to convey light and help, and just as one rotten apple makes the whole pile rotten, just so a dead soldier causes death in others among whom he mixes and works. Then what a laughing stock to the devil is a dead soldier! He cannot give a reason for the hope that is in him. He cannot testify, sing, pray, march, speak, and God's patience is tried to the very utmost limit, and at last He says in divine justice, "Cut him down as a cumberer of the ground," and he is hurled into an eternity of despair, and instead of carrying an abundance of sheaves into heaven, he hears the bitter cries from the lost souls whom he ought to have shown the way of escape. Not only this, he is to be in the company of these for ever and ever. Oh, ye, this-side-of-the-grave, dead soldiers, Awake! awake!! awake!!! "If we have the Son we have life." Here is the remedy for you: "Pay the price, give all to God, and get all from Him." Of course the devil troubles very little about spiritually dead hirelings because he is so certain of them, but get some life and then he'll tempt and harass, which is a real good sign.

Now all ye spiritual hirelings and dyspeptics, will you look at yourself? No matter how good you think you are, what does Jesus think of you? The Great Physician now is near, and the remedy is far better than this "Elixir of Life," so recently discovered. Jesus never fails, He always cures. Come to Him in all your shaky, trembling, fallen state and He will make you a strong, healthy, powerful, useful, spiritual man and woman. Hallelujah!

PERSONAL.

(Re the "War Cry.")

"Say P——, did you read the London letter in last week's War Cry?" "No, I very seldom buy a Cry." Another comrade says, "Oh, I buy one regular, but never read it. I take it home and throw it on the table, after that I never look at it again. I guess somebody around the house reads it."

Oh, comrades, all I can say to you who are so careless are the same words I hear so often by a lad inviting sinners to the Saviour, "You don't know what you're missing."

In the first place, every corps pays for its War Crys, and if our own soldiers neglect getting them, how can we expect to circulate them among outsiders, and it isn't those that can't afford to buy them that neglect it either.

I believe it is the duty of every soldier to aid the corps in disposing of their War Crys by buying at least one for himself, and you, comrades, who buy one to help their sale and don't read them, you don't realize how many blessings and spiritual lessons you are missing. You may say, "Well I can't find time to read."

Now, you just try to find time. You have from the time you get it until the following week to read it, and even if only at fifteen-minute intervals, you can have it finished by the time you get the next issue.

I for myself find, (and I know many voices from far and near will echo "Amen,") that next to God Himself and His word, it is food to my soul, and many a time when I reach the page with the announcements on, I think it far too small, and look forward for the next one.

Oh, comrades, take an interest in the Cry for your own spiritual benefit, and whenever you are helped along, you can be the means of helping someone else.

A Soldier and Lover of the "Cry."

A TERRIBLE END.

A gentleman, quite wealthy, Mr. H—— by name, one day not knowing what to do to pass away the time, thought he would take a trip to a neighboring city to spend the day and have a good time among his friends. With a careless good-bye to wife and children, he set out full of pleasant thoughts of how he was to spend the day and where. The day was spent as they are most generally in such cases, in drinking and smoking, and, as he was a great swearer, in swearing. He never uttered a word when in conversation without an oath to accompany it. He arrived home about ten o'clock that evening, quite tired out, and complained of not feeling well. Everything possible was done for him, but he grew rapidly worse. He had been home perhaps an hour, when he arose from the chair in which he had been sitting, and, with an oath, declared he was better. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he fell back in his chair, dead. His soul had gone to its Maker with an oath to help its exit. He had never been to church but once in his life, and that on the day he was married. Take heed lest ye go likewise. In the midst of life we are in death.

The Captain's "Amen."

Dear Editor:

I am a Methodist Minister's daughter. My mother and I were stopping in Brantford at the time this happened; we both loved the Army dearly, and many of its Officers, and were very much struck with the brave way this Captain acted, when some would have been in open confusion. Will you print this in the War Cry please; it may teach others to foil the devil more often.

Laura Kelly,
Grand River Indian Mission.

We were seated in a window
Of a cottage, 'cross the way
From the barracks, dimly lighted,
Listening to the soldiers pray.

'Twas the night of "Soldiers' Meeting,"
And though we did long to go,
We could only sit and listen
To the voices, loud and low.

How we wished that we might join them.
But 'twas fully understood,
That on every Tuesday evening
None but Soldiers enter should.

So we opened wide the shutter,
Caring not who see us may,
If we might but catch a blessing,
From God's house across the way.

Suddenly above the drum beat,
Came a sound of waking blast,
And into the cottage doorway,
Tired feet were hurried fast.

Satan had sent out that evening,
Some of his most valiant crew,
And he whispered to them softly,
What he bade them quickly do.

Came they to the barrack's doorway,
Where he whispered, "now my boys,
Drown that hub-bub most unholy,
With a louder, bigger noise."

So an old tin pail he found them,
Helped them, as they filled it up
With some broken bits of crockery,
Broken plate and drinking cup.

Then he led them to the window,
Open wide to evening air,
And he bade them with a chuckle,
"Throw the pail my boys in there."

On it came with noise tremendous,
While a lass was praying loud,
And we wondered as we heard it,
If the "hub-bub" quiet 'twould.

But before the question reached us,
Came an answer full of calm,
And we left the doorway smiling,
'Twas the Captain's strong "Amen."

SAW, HEARD, FELT,

At Wells' Hill Camp Civic Holiday.

I SAW

The happiest lot of people I ever set eyes on.

The Commissioner and Colonel selling song books in the congregation.

Red coats, guernseys, bonnets, and red trimmed straw hats, and smiling faces in abundance.

An H.T.B. of well saved lads in bright uniform, playing sweet salvation music.

I HEARD

One brother testify that if he had twenty-five hearts he would give them all to God.

Holy Ann's testimony on faith. God bless her.

Shouting Jimmy's voice all over the grounds.

Many things which blessed my soul.

I FELT

The power of God in all its fulness.

That I wished God would give me more and more of His wondrous love for sinners.

That I never loved God's cause and the Salvation Army more in my life.

That if I could I would exterminate the devil for ever.

A Visitor.

O

That Salvationists multiply.
That spiritual enthusiasm is rising.
That aimless talking is no good.
That Salvationists *can* make mistakes.
That religious gumption is an extra good thing.
That some talking is aimed at nothing—and hit it.
That a grumbling soldier is an awful thing to have around.
That the devil has a heavy mortgage on some people's tongues.
That the S.A. officer is entitled to a large measure of sympathy.
That the S.A. soldier is none the less a citizen because he is a S.A. soldier.
That the officer with a contagious laugh is a religious benediction.
That one of the most imperial things on the Army platform is courage.
That there is no "dead line" for the officer who keeps his spirit young.
That as the thermometer goes up the religious zeal of many folks goes down.
That a really good officer is a boon for which any corps should profoundly thank God.
That in his attitude toward public questions the true-hearted officer knows nothing of policy.
That it is not fortunate for the town or corps when the officer has great natural ability as a talker.
That the men who write articles and talk to conventions about "How to reach the masses" should give us a rest.
That some of the loudest shouters are now conspicuous by their absence from the week-night march.
That you might "regulate" the liquor business till Gabriel blows his trumpet, and the altogether bad thing will grow worse and worse.
That the officer who uses his time setting up men of straw just for the fun of knocking them down, will not report large numbers of souls saved.

'NO. 1 HARD.'

Away in some parts of the North-West Territories it is next to impossible to raise wheat on account of the short season and summer frosts. Barley and oats can be raised because the climate suits them, but every one knows that these cereals are not so valuable as wheat, which produces the staff of life.

To get first-class wheat you must go to the right climate. So it is in regard to spiritual grain raising. Oat and barley christians can be found growing almost anywhere, but to find christians that grade "No. 1 hard" you must get into the holiness climate. This is a good place to live in, for everything is favorable to spiritual grain raising. "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."—Is. lviii. 11.

To be a "No. 1 hard" Christian you must see the necessity of getting into the right climate, for God says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." All weeds in the shape of worldliness, ungodly companions, pride, idols, and selfishness must be cut down and burned. Then comes the work of the life and death consecration plough, for on this work depends the crop. A full consecration ploughing of the heart brings a crop of full salvation.

The farmer sows his seed in faith, believing for a crop, or else he would not sow it. "Believe and ye shall receive." You step into holiness by faith, you grow into it by faith, not by sight, and you grow all the time, day and night, until the harvest (Luke iv. 26-29.)

Now, then, are you "No. 1 hard, clean and free from foul seeds?" Are you fit to give out the bread of life to others? Before wheat is taken into the elevators it is graded by the inspector and taken on its merits. You may get to heaven on the merits of Jesus, but will you be graded as "No. 1 hard?" Will you receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant?" Read 1 Cor. iii. 11-15.

Lieut. Gurney.

Hallelujah! this morning finds me still well saved, and I claim victory thro' the blood.

* *

This last two weeks have been spent up at the Camp. On Saturday we took our precious girls up, and they had big times, I can assure you. Our beloved Commissioner, his dear wife, Colonel and Mrs. Bailey, Major and Mrs. Glover, and we R. O.'s with the girls from the Rescue and Drunkards' Homes, all dined together for two days, and we all went in for the best of everything that was going, both spiritually and temporally.

* * *

I noticed Cadets Neale and Kinton there with their little soldiers from the Temple corps. Some of them looked half starved when they landed, but they went away quite satisfied and rejoicing much over their outing.

* * *

Some of our girls are doing nicely, having professed to get saved at the Camp meetings, and there was one of them put it off till Monday night, thinking we intended to stay longer, and when going home she cried all the way because she had not gone out to the penitent form when the others did. Poor girl! I trust she'll not do like many others—put it off until it is eternally too late.

* * *

Just another fortnight and then the great farewell of our beloved comrades for Australia comes. This morning our hearts are more or less sad, for it seems that whether we want to realize the fact of Mrs. Coombs' removal from our midst or not, something seems to tell us that each time we see her it is once the less.

Soon we shall see our precious friend no more, and having worked side by side, trying by God's help to push the Rescue chariot along, we find it so hard to the flesh to give her up, but for the Kingdom's sake we unitedly as Rescue Officers say, "God's will be done."

* * *

The memory of the just is indeed blessed, never hiding our faults, but with the greatest of love and kindness she has showed us how we might do our very best for His sake and the girls. Many times have I needed a motherly love when my heart seemed ready to break, and I've gone to dear Mrs. Coombs, who has pointed me once more to the Blood, and immediately all wrongs were righted. She has often prayed, "God bless her,' and oh, it has meant so much, and now I say it for her, knowing that she will be pleased wherever she goes. God bless them all.

* * *

Then there's dear Mrs. Bailey waiting, as it were, her next appointment. I suppose they'll take them all, but hallelujah! they can't take Jesus from us, though they'll take Him with them.

Well, if Mrs. Bailey crosses the ocean I hope she won't get sea-sick, and though she has got the Colonel her heart will often ponder over the many hours she has spent in the Rescue Home. God bless them and the wee baby included.

Love to the fallen and lost.

L. Eldersfield Green.

Don't forget to see that your Big Bass Drum, Kettle Drum, as well as the Corps' Colors are brought along to the Commissioner's Farewell in Toronto.

London Letter.

The growing secularization of the Sunday in London is a sign of the times. This summer so far has been unusually fine, and on Sundays clubs, secular societies and kindred organizations have gone far in advance of past attempts to convert the day into one for simple recreation and enjoyment. These changes after all only show the restlessness of which sin is the creation. We Salvationists take note of it as a physician does his patient who seeks in his pain unnatural remedies. Instead of bemoaning the prostitution of a day of rest and making abortive efforts to save it from further abuse, the self-evident requirement is to stop the multitude, rush after it, and convince it that they are on the wrong track for the very thing they desire. True enjoyment is inseparable from fellowship with the devil, and recreation—beneficial for body and soul—can be found in active service in the highest interests of man.

That is how we view it, and the Salvation Army in London has yet a marvellous future before it, by turning every tactic and change of a restless crowd to account.

I hear that Colonel McKie will succeed Colonel Adams in the command of Scotland. What an event! Col. McKie leaving London!

To some of us the announcement seems unrealizable. For seven years Tom McKie has been a towering personality in the London war, and many will miss him. He is a man of thunder. God has honored him to the salvation of thousands upon thousands of souls in the great city. London's loss will be Scotland's gain, and after the remarkable advance which has marked Major Adam's career in Scotland, Colonel McKie is eminently fitted to take advantage of the glory tide.

The Colonel has been in very poor health recently, but is now recovering.

He stepped into the Foreign Office the day he was leaving for a furlough, previous to taking over his new command. I sounded him as to his views and feelings upon the appointment.

"For a long time I have felt I was destined to go to Scotland."

"The appointment, then, harmonized with your predilections?"

"Yes, although I know very little of the country, its institutions, laws or people. If, however, I am to judge your native land by what has passed through the Training Home, I shall find material among your hills that any man ought to be proud to labor and suffer for. Six months hence I shall know more, but I have no fear but that God is sending me to do a great work."

But, your readers will enquire, where is Colonel Adams bound for?

Now, this officer has had a very remarkable career. As a field officer in Scotland he stamped himself out as a coming man. Possessed of rare force of character, strong sympathies, rigorous constitution, and an experience of the world of startling description, he soon came to the front.

It afforded your correspondent special satisfaction some years ago strongly recommending his promotion to the General. After serving in various Staff capteincies the portfolio of the Southern Division was placed in his hands, and right nobly he steered our ship there through some heavy breakers.

A short experience at Liverpool, and then he succeeded Colonel Edmonds to the command of Scotland, and the manner in which he has discharged that commission has led the General to appoint him to succeed Commissioner Coombs in Canada—an appointment which, I am certain, will prove a worthy and successful one.

JUST ARRIVED!

The "Musical Salvationist" for August.

CONTAINING:

1. "Oh, what shall I say to my God!" 2. "I hate the devil, and the devil hates me." 3. "Tell Jesus everything." 4. "The Blood avails for me." 5. "Trusting Jesus now." 6. "Trust in Jesus every day." 7. "He called me out of darkness." 8. "All aboard."

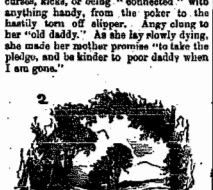
To be Obtained from Headquarters, 15 Cents Post Free.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.]

don't take the drink. You are quite a new mother now."

Poor Angy! She had learnt that mother was terribly cruel, when she had been for "her 'alf-pint of beer," that it sometimes took a whole afternoon to drink!

Few slum children associate the name of mother with anything but blows and curses, kicks, or being "connected" with anything handy, from the poker to the hastily torn off slipper. Angy clung to her "old daddy." As she lay slowly dying, she made her mother promise "to take the pledge, and be kinder to poor daddy when I am gone."



"Daddy," she whispered, as well as she could between the paroxysms of pain, "put me in a blue coffin when I am dead, will you? And bury me away from other hot houses, please?"

"Why do you want a blue coffin, Angy darling?" he asked, looking into the fast-closing little eyes that had already gazed on death.

"Because the sky is blue, daddy, and I am going up there to heaven."

It was his hand that held her's when the death-rattle came in her throat, and it was his hands that made the little body ready to go into the little blue coffin, for Margaret had swooned as she stood watching her only child die.

Together they carried the sky blue coffin to a little country churchyard, and laid Angy's tired body under the fresh, green grass and the spring flowers, far away from the crowded streets and the hot houses.

For three months Margaret kept her promise to the dead child, and Tom began to hope that his last years of life might be peaceful. He took out from pawn the many little adornments of the home that she had pledged to get money for drink, and though at last he had to go into the Brompton Hospital, she visited him every day, as she went around hawking. Alas! one day she met an old friend, who induced her to go inside a public-house, not to drink, for she had said she was a teetotaller, but to have a little peppermint. God forgive that woman! Instead, for a joke, she handed Margaret a large glass of rum. In one instant, the old taste rose up in all its fury, and when Tom returned from the hospital he found that for the fifth time his home was broken up, everything sold, and his wife gone.

As he wandered slowly through the street, grinding out the doleful music, that was rendered ten times more touching by being so woefully out of tune, he longed for the death that could not be far from him now.

Margaret drank until every penny was gone, and left herself with hardly any clothes on her back. It was in the early part of the winter, and the snow lay deep on the ground. Sober, because she had no money, she wandered for forty-eight hours around the by-ways of Borough, ashamed to go anywhere where she might be known.

As the evening of the second day drew on, the awful thirst for drink, rendered more intolerable by her physical weakness, became unbearable, and once more she resolved that she would end it all. Made wary by her former failures, she wandered about the streets near London Bridge until nine o'clock, and then slipped quietly into the deepest shadows of one of the recesses, her great fear being now that she would be stopped, her one wish to be as quick as possible in ending her miseries, and taking that dread leap in the dark, silent water below. She laughed aloud to see the fast-falling snow, for she knew that even should the well-known and ominous splash be heard, no one could see her in the blinding storm. Then the thought of her husband came to her and all his goodness. She felt she must tell him how sorry she was, so she began to write on a little scrap of paper a message to be given to him when her body was found. As she wrote, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and looking up quickly, she saw a tall old gentleman standing in front of her.

"My good soul," he said, "do not sit there watching your death! Why don't you go home?"

His kind tones broke her down completely, and as he led her off the bridge, she told him all.

"Now," he advised, "go straight to a lodging for the night and to-morrow go into a home." He mentioned two or three. "Here is a shilling for you."

Through chilled to the bone, Margaret felt that she could not spend any of that money on drink, so she hurried to a four-penny lodging-house in Whitechapel, and early the next morning went to tell Tom where she was.

He felt that it was almost hopeless to forgive her again.

"Margaret, you know how often I have tried you," he said sadly, "with the same result every time."

"Yes, Tom," she answered quietly, "I know you're right. Good-bye, now; only remember, I was truly sorry."

After all, she deserved nothing else! She could not expect to be forgiven again, and as she walked sadly down the street, she bowed to her fate.

"Have you had any breakfast?" said Tom's voice at her elbow. "Then come home and have some before you go."

So they went back together, and he made her some tea and toast without uttering a word of reproach.

Margaret told him about the old gentleman's advice as to going into a home, and he only too ready to help her, said she might stay until the arrangements were made. So they wrote to Mrs. Bramwell Booth, who, seeing it was not quite a case for the Rescue Homes, sent her letter to the nearest Slum Post, and she was visited by the captain in charge. Thank God, He undertook the case Himself, and Margaret got saved from every sin, as well as that of drink. Her husband's basket was taken out of pawn when it was considered safe for her to go round hawking again, and her gratitude is boundless.

But for Tom, the last trial was too great. He was taken much worse, and cannot get up now. Margaret watches him with a tender care, and it is pathetic to see how his eyes follow her about. "She is so kind," he murmurs hoarsely. "Just like when we were first married; and sin't she getting lovely again?"

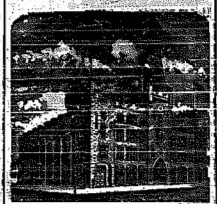
Verily, many sinners cannot speak love! "You don't think him very bad?" says Margaret, as we leave her. "He'll soon be better now, I think. You see, I've got so much to make up for, and I do want him to have a comfortable old age!

But death has set his seal on that prematurely white-haired man, (see out 4) and it will not be very long before Tom is with his little Angy.

Thank God, though, that his soul is right, and that he, as well as Margaret, has been saved through the London Slum Work!

Who will help us by their money and themselves to save the thousands still untouched?

The "H. Q. Boys" are determined not to rest out. If they cannot lead meetings in a corps every night then they are determined to do what they can towards arousing the people to a sense of their position. The people in the noon-day open-airs, stand and take in what is said by the boys as though they never heard it before, and unsaved people have told us that the boys' earnestness has touch d their hearts. Then the morning knee-drills are still about the liveliest thing out no going to sleep in them. Praise God we are still alive here, well saved, and doing our best to link the devil."



Headquarters' Happenings

BY ONE IN IT.

The reason there were no happenings last week, was not because the "one in it" happened to be "out of it," neither was he vacationing or on a rest, no, far from it, but for some time back Headquarters has had a full head of steam on, and is endeavoring to have every department in a ship shape form for the new Commissioner's arrival. Therefore the aforesaid "one in it" apology must be lack of time.

* * *

We were very glad to welcome Capt Jim Woodgate back to Canada on the 27th. He was accompanied by a younger brother also a salvationist. Jimmy informed us that while in England several of his near relatives were saved, and in the last meeting he was in one of his brothers volunteered out to the penitent form and was gloriously saved. Hallelujah! Needless to say the Captain is still beautifully saved.

* * *

I notice that Lieut. Yuddhishira (late Fred Wood of the "War Cry") has been moved from Bombay, where he was also sub on the "War Cry" to Madras where he will act as scribe to Major Musa Bhai. Fred is delighted to be stationed with the Major again, as he acted as his scribe before while travelling around Canada.

* * *

Headquarters congratulate Brig. Capt. Hind on her promotion to the Staff. Being one of our oldest Canadian officers, she has well earned it by her loyalty and long service. We understand she takes charge of the Brantford Training Depot in place of Brigade Capt. Grayson who goes on a rest. God bless you Capt. and make you in the future as in the past a terror to evil doers.

* * *

A wedding and departure in Headquarters itself this time. Our old friends Bert Baker and Miss Churchill have taken each other for better or for worse, we pray it may be the former, and have left for the old country where Bert proposes to settle down. Miss Churchill was the eldest attache of Headquarters, and her departure leaves that distinction pretty much divided between Capt. Johnnie Golds and Lieut. Madden.

* * *

Headquarters was nearly deserted last Sunday. Brigade Capt. Moss took a trip to Dundas, and the Candidates' man told us he brought back an application for the field with him, and did other work in pushing out the candidates. Capt. Golds had himself away to the Guelph Camp-Meetings. Capt. Freidrick held forth at Eglington, and Capt. Wood and Lieuts. Madden and Stark were out to West Toronto Junction. Everybody had a good time.

* * *

It was a beautiful sight Monday to see while the crowds were lining the streets waiting for the big Foresters parade, six of Headquarters boys, headed by the "War Cry" man parading down the middle of the street, single file, singing at the top of their voices, "Death is coming and the judgment day." It made quite a stir. I can assure you, making the gay and giddy crowds realize that there was something more to be thought of, than mere pleasure.

(From International Headquarters.)

The General returned to London Friday morning, having been absent for about fourteen days, during which he travelled two thousand miles, addressed twenty-eight meetings, besides transacting an enormous amount of business between times concerning affairs of the continent. He has been very pleased with this tour, and looks upon the whole meetings, especially in Stockholm, as among the most successful ever held.

Mrs. Booth had a spell of great suffering during the General's absence in London. This attack was the most severe she has had, and left her extremely prostrate and exhausted. I understand, however, that during the last few days there has been some improvement again, and it is hoped that she will be well enough to get a little change of air to the sea.

Major Bisson, who was buried at Somersey on Friday, by Colonel Booth-Clibborn, was, with his wife, for a long time in active service in France and Switzerland. A delicate chest, however, compelled his retirement more than a year ago. It has been seriously ill for some weeks, and died a week ago in triumph.

Marshal and Mrs. Ballington Booth is paying a short visit to England. They will probably be there two or three weeks and visit one or two of the place centres.

Col. Adams who succeeds Commissioner Coombs in command of the Army in Canada, farewells in Scotland on the 11th September. Staff-Capt. Leighton has been appointed to take charge of the Junior Soldiers' War in Canada.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker is now so extremely prostrate, and is so feeble as to be able to take part in any meetings at present. Although the change has no doubt been beneficial, the voyage was extremely trying and exhausting, and he is quite an invalid. I am sure both he and Mrs. Booth-Tucker have our continued prayers both for themselves and the great work they have in hand in India.

At Whitchurch seven soldiers were marched off to jail on Friday for fine, them headcuffed, notwithstanding the protestations of their solicitor, whom the police threatened to lock up too! God bless our dear comrades—keep them in love, and yet in good fighting condition.

Major Musa Bhai has resumed command of his own division—South India—and the latest reports speak of a splendid volume and glorious beginning for him there.

Things are going well in Norway every way. A fine building has been secured at Bergen, the principal town in the west coast, also at Fredrikshall, two other towns friends are erecting suitable barracks, which will be let to a good term. A boat expedition is being fitted out for working the scattered population living on the Fjords and rivers. Mr. Sowton is full of joy and confidence for the future, and also fairly predominant in his language.

Staff-Capt. Osborne, of Zululand is making progress. He has accepted 20 natives for training. A farmer has put apart a piece of his land to grow the vegetables, and in his latest despatch to the General, he pleads for temporary financial aid, to build one or two more barracks, or rather huts, to carry on the interesting native African campaign. In the report is another page.

The General proposes holding a number of very important Soldiers' Meetings during the month of September at various centres throughout the kingdom. So far as is possible, he will visit centres almost so as to enrolled every soldier in each one of the meetings.

Col. Booth-Clibborn passed through London to-day.—Major Fry paid a flying visit to England last week.—Capt. and Mrs. Unsworth's orders have been changed to South Africa; they will leave Toronto lately. Col. Pollard is again in very bad health.

A SHORT SKETCH

—OF THE LIFE OF—

Capt Amina Goulds.

(Who went to glory, June 5th, 1889).

THE devil has been making me believe I would be no good, but God has promised to make the weakest soldier strong, therefore I can claim His promises, and I do not feel satisfied to sit down and enjoy the pleasures of the world when there are so many precious souls sinking down with so very few to rescue and save them."

These were some of the sentences written in her letter of application for the work. A beautiful willing spirit runs through the remainder of this letter, for we find on reading further the following paragraphs, breathing out a spirit of devotion to Jesus and a willingness to go anywhere or do anything for Him whose life's blood was shed for her:

"I know it will not be all sunshine, but trusting in Jesus He will carry me through, and I know my Saviour can depend on me."

It is no wonder that such a God-woman should be successful. We would like to have given our readers fuller details of her life, but these, such as we can gather, will be very acceptable we feel sure.

In her personal experience, written to Major Margetts, she says:—

"As you have asked for a brief account of my life, with God's help, I will try and write it as short as possible.

I was born in Nova Scotia in December, 1860, growing up in sin, often wishing to do right. At last I made myself believe that because I was living as good as some professing Christians, and if they were going to heaven I was too. I never thought joining a church would save me. But now, thank God, I praise Him because he is mighty to save and to help and saves me just now.

I was married in March, 1882, and then moved to Boston. God gave us a little boy, who is now living. On account of my husband's ill health I returned to Nova Scotia in May, 1886, where he lingered with consumption till the end of December, 1884, when God called him home. A week before he died he gave his heart to God. This made me think very seriously about my soul. I would often kneel by

HIS LIFELESS BODY

and cry to God to save me and make me good. But not coming to God in the right way, but in my own strength, when I tried to do good evil was present with me.

In April God took my little baby girl, who was only ten months old. I then thought God was dealing hard with me in taking away those whom I loved so much. But I can see my mistake now. I was then living at Burlington, N. S.

After this I broke up my home, leaving my little boy with his aunt, thinking she could take better care of him than myself. I felt so very sad and unhappy not having Jesus as a comforter in time of trouble.

Coming to Kentville I tried to pass away the time as best I could. Living there when the Army arrived it was through them that I was led to seek Jesus. I did so and found Him, to the joy of my soul. I was converted in February '86, and since then I have been clinging to the Cross, living in the fountain, but I was never satified, as I wanted to know more of the wonderful love of Jesus.

For eleven months I was a soldier doing my very best to extend God's kingdom, and I had a burning desire to win souls for God.

This is just a little of this sister's experience.

* * *

I had the pleasure of knowing our dear departed comrade during her faithful fight in the S. A. ranks. I was much impressed in the first place when conversing with her about her application for the work, satisfied with her sanctified grit and her willingness to suffer, bleed, or die, for her Lord crucified. I said to her, "But my dear sister, it is a serious matter for you to enter the field, as there is but a prospect of plenty of hard work, possibly privation, no guarantee of any salary, and you have you'll be boy to keep. Have you considered this?"

With a calm confidence in God and her face beaming with a restful assurance, she replied, "Would God call me to the work, and knowing all my circumstances as He does, not provide for me? I can trust Him for that!"

That settled it, and she was sent to fight for Jesus as Cadet to Bridgetown, N. S., where she did her level best to help her Captain.

In the little village of Lambrex and the mining town of Stellarton she fought bravely and did not stick at any difficulty that opposed her. Her strength in the latter place failed her, so she was granted a furlough and went to rest for a while with her old friends in and around Kentville.

I was wonderfully struck when, after some two or three months had passed I saw her again, to note the change that had taken place; her figure was always slender, but now much more so. Upon my suggestion that her furlough be lengthened she said, "No, Major, let me go and spend my strength for Jesus."

Accordingly the beautiful spot on P.E.I. known as Georgetown was her next and last battle ground. Only a few weeks had passed when she broke down again. After resting a while with her friends at Moncton she proceeded to her friends in —— where God took her to Himself.

"I hope to be ready to go back to Georgetown soon, don't be anxious, it'll be all right, Major," were the last words I heard every well. I arrived in time to see the end of a devoted life, a beautiful career, a Christ-like spirit, a burning passion for souls, and a record full of acts of self-denial and shining with the spirit that sought not her own, in any criterion by which to judge what her death would be I should say, "Let my last end be like her's."

Comrades in the fight, let you and I buckle on the armor, grasp the sword afresh, and fight for Jesus till the eternal morning breaks, and you precious candidates, and soldiers, and Christians, who ought to be candidates, the day is passing away, the night is coming on, the reapers are gathering home, the fields remain white unto harvest, men and women are dying all round us, and the devil is busy deluding the blood-redeemed souls of humanity. In the face of the great white throne, with the opportunities God is giving, and the responsibility of the souls God wants you to save devolving on you, in the name of my dying Lord, besmared with bloody sweat and with blood-red hands outstretched to save, I ask, "What are you going to do?"

J. E. MARGETTS.

CANDIDATES!

Three Reasons Why I am in the Army

1st.—It is where I got saved.
2nd.—It is the best place to keep saved.
3rd.—It is the best place to work.

Do You Wish You Were an Officer?

If you can answer the following questions satisfactorily, there is no reason why you should not apply to the Commissioner, enclosing one dollar for Candidate's forms, at once:—

Are you under thirty years of age?
Have you been enrolled as a soldier for six months?
Do you enjoy the blessing of a clean heart?
Do you wear uniform?
Do you put in cartridges weekly?
Have you an obedient soldier's spirit?
Have you a real purpose in view—that of saving souls?
Do you speak and sing in the open-air?
Do you attend knee-drill?
Do you push the WAR CRY and "Little Soldier?"

Can you read and write?
Are you free from bodily defect or disease?
Do you consider yourself strong?
Do you suffer from fits?
Do you "owe no man anything?"
Do you thoroughly believe in our doctrines and methods?
Have you got stickability?
Do you think you would make an officer?
Are you really awake?
Do you want an easy job? If so, the last vacancy has been filled!

It is now some weeks since Candidate Widenake sent in her forms to Headquarters, and she cannot make it out why she has not heard from them as to the decision in her case.

Perhaps she little thinks that at the same time her forms were sent an inquiry form was also sent to her D. and Captain, and that probably the Captain has laid the form on one side, and has forgotten it; also that the D. O. has been too busy to return his.

Wait patiently, my sister, see the Captain and ask him to send us the form at once, when we will decide your case quickly and let you know the result. Do not speak about it to the Captain if you are not in a hurry. Perhaps you can manage the D. O. By-the-by, did you make yourself known to your District Officer when visiting your corps, telling him you were a candidate? as his forms are very important, and seeing that he is a very busy man, perhaps he had not time to ask for you.

Now do not think onkindly of Headquarters; only wait until our two comrades oblige by returning their forms, and then you shall have a decision.

A Bitter Wail and Warning.

I wonder if I dare ask you for space in which to write a few lines? They will not be very interesting 'tis true, but my heart is so empty, there is within an aching void which I find the pleasures of this world cannot fill, and I feel to-night that I must, oh, I must tell some one all about it. Have I told Jesus? Yes, Once He dwelt within my heart; once He filled the aching void, but the so-called pleasures of this world have crowded Him out. Once He was my all in all and I lived at His feet. Where am I now? Not where I once was. Would to God to-night that I was.

Once I fought beneath the good old Army flag. Oftentimes have I stood amid the mocking, jeering crowd and held up Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind. and oh, how I did love Him! What wondrous love He had (and has) for me, and how great a privilege I thought it to tell others of this love.

Were I to-night to testify to what I have done for the Saviour I would be compelled to say simply nothing, and yet what wonderful things He has done for me. My mind goes back to the time in my experience when on bended knees I promised God that come what may I would be true to Him, and I remember how much I loved to sing these words,

"Jesus, my Saviour, we ne'er shall part,
Thou art far more than this wide world to me,
And Thy sweet peace shall dwell in my heart,
Oh then, my Lord, I'll be true, true to Thee."

And I meant it then, God knows I did. What would I not give could I be in the same position to-night!

'Tis true I have had another start since then, but being very weak and having no one to cheer me on I fell back and my heart became (as it were) harder than ever before. I am at this moment a Godforsaken, miserable girl. May I ask your prayers? 'twill help me, of this I am confident. I have as far as these world's goods are concerned all I want. There is no pleasure, of that is denied me, yet all this fails to satisfy.

There are some in your Army to-day who are growing careless. Oh, I say, "Beware!" Don't forsake and turn your back on God. My soul cry out before as I have done through disobedience. "Perfect obedience brings perfect peace." I realize it now, when too late. Oh, my God! my God! is there no pardon, no mercy for me! The friends of this world think I am "good enough." How I hate those two words, "good enough." God knows there are none so good but what they can be better. And now, with one more appeal for your prayers I must close.

F. R. O.,
OTTAWA, ONT.

P.S.—May I ask the prayers of Staff-Capt. Banks under whom I was first converted. She, God bless her, was the first one to tell me about Jesus. F.R.O.

VERY URGENT!

TO OFFICERS!

If any Officers have friends in Toronto where they can stay during the Big Farewell Meetings, will they write immediately either to Headquarters, or to Major Margetts, Ulster Street, Toronto, so that we can arrange billets accordingly.

HOLINESS

HAVE YOU?

Swelling of anger?
Spells of weakness?
Vague feelings of unrest?
Rheumatism of the knees?
Frequent attacks of the blues?
Cramps of growing stinginess?
Unaccountable languid feelings?
Hard feelings toward thy brother?
A "Prone to wonder" experience?
No appetite for holiness preaching?
Tongue paralysis in prayer meetings?
Fluttering and distress of the heart?
Hankering after worldly amusements?
Unwillingness to read holiness literature?
Frequent giving away to the carnal mind?
A want to "back lash" in speaking meeting?
An appetite to find fault with holiness people?
Then you do not have a holy experience.—*The Revivalist.*

THE KINGDOM FIRST.

BY CADET GREEN, R. H. C.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

IT is necessary to be properly converted before we can seek the interests of Christ's kingdom; therefore, my dear reader, if your will is not entirely lost in God as you read these lines, just offer up a prayer with an earnest determination that you will follow in your Master's footsteps as He shall reveal Himself to you. It is true that you have a desire to work for God, even in the despised Salvation Army. Its true that you pretend to sing

"Were the whole realms of nature mine,"

or,

"Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise,"

and at the same time your heart is far from God and you are thinking of the pleasures of this world.

My precious reader, how you will regret the day when you disobeyed God's voice, when He called you to seek the lost, the fallen and sinner, how you hankered after a little more ease and comfort for self instead of rushing to the rescue of a half-damned people.

You, young woman, what will it profit you with all your wealth, position, pride, and friends when you come to die? You'll have an aching void then that the world can never fill. You'll be ashamed to meet Jesus, for you will have no sheaves to bring with you. You have never sought the interests of His kingdom, and how can you expect to receive a starry crown from His hands and hear Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

My precious girl friend, how many hours of your life are literally wasted? You know how long you played on the piano to gratify self and amuse the devil. You know how many hours you danced last night and then went home to sleep away the best part of the day. You know how fascinated you were over that trashy novel, and how many real tears you shed over the hero of it and how you wished you had been there to help, but do you ever weep or mourn over the sinner? Do you ever think that life itself is a stage and you are one of the performers to make that life bright and happy, or to keep it sad and miserable? Do you ever think that you could help to rescue somebody else from the pit of despair? You have a friend, and as you live before him so he sizes you up, just so will it be with God. If you spend His time in utter waste so also will He size you up and judgment being past you must spend eternity in hell, because you never sought a holy life or the treasures of His kingdom. You may sow your wild oats now, friend, but soon time will cease, and all your acts and even your name will fade away, for soon you'll be numbered with the dead.

Will you not from this moment seek to be what you know God wants you to be? What is the good of all these desires to work for God and the Army, if you make no effort to look for diamonds in the rough, the moralist, and all those people who hope they're saved.

Supposing things had been revealed to Christ as they have been to some of us and He had not acted upon them, do you think that we should have been redeemed? Christ knew He had to suffer the cruel death of the cross to save you and I. Supposing He had backed out of it at last, He might have done so, but no, our Jesus was no coward. It was His mission to seek His Father's kingdom and save His people from their sins. But you, you're afraid of your own friends or what other people will say, especially if you work for God in the Army.

I'm so glad that I never consulted my friends when God led me to the rescue of the lost. If I had listened to the tempter I might have been still singing "Rescue the perishing," &c., little caring what became of their bodies, much less their souls.

Young men and women, don't trifle with God's call. When He speaks to you and tells you to go in His vineyard as the laborers are few, don't waste all His time, the talents, money and common sense He has given you, but use it in and for His kingdom's interests. Be saved and sanctified to God alone, so that you may not only have this great blessing in your own soul, but that you may be of some use to God in winning many others to trust in Him as their only Saviour.

"The kingdom first," is a great many people's motto, and I know many people who live it out every day. But what about you? You expect to seek it you say. Well then, wake up! You'll never have a better chance, the Army is the last thing coming from God to save souls, therefore get saved in the kingdom, live in it, work in it, and then I'm quite sure that after it has been your first object to do all these things in it, it will be your last and best privilege of dying in it.

Warning to God's Watchmen

CAPT. AGGIE COWAN.

"I will be Thy watchman, warning men of hell,
I will all thy wondrous truth to Thy people tell."

THE watchmen of God are always sent to deliver His message with a "Thus saith Lord," and we are responsible to look into our own hearts and lives and see if we are carrying out our Divine commission to the extent which He requires.

His message of warning must be delivered to the saint as well as the sinner, and we need to be very careful to declare the whole counsel of God lest the awful sin of soul blood guiltiness should be laid at our door.

How many of God's watchmen sound the trumpet blast of warning clear and loud to the sinner, bidding him flee from the wrath to come, but seem to forget their responsibility to the saints.

When God sent the prophet Ezekiel to tell His message to Israel He not only told him to warn the sinner to turn from his sin, but to warn the righteous that he should not sin.

The word righteous here means one who is conformed to the Divine law. It is not generally thought to be essential to warn those who are sanctified to beware lest they fall into sin; the greatest trouble is taken to bring people up to the point of sanctification and then leave them there, and how many lose the blessing through not being put on their guard. May God help us to be clear on this point. "When a righteous man doth turn from his righteousness and commits iniquity and I lay a stumbling block before him he shall die, because thou hast not given him warning; he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered, but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the righteous man, that he sin not, and he doth not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also, thou hast delivered thy soul."—Ezekiel 3rd, 20-21. If we teach, and warn, and help those who are fully the Lord's so that they will know how to retain the blessing, so that they will be up to the snares of the devil, it will be far better than trying to help people after they have backslidden to regain it.

Many do not know what sin is. The devil will tell them that temptation is sin, and through allowing the doubt to lodge in their heart they lose the assurance, while if this had been taught from the word what God expects from a sanctified soul they would in a measure have been fortified on these weak points.

Some lose it through disobeying the Spirit's teachings and some even through allowing their zeal to run away with their judgment, beginning with the spirit and ending with the flesh.

How carefully these precious souls need watching and admonishing. It is very right and very Scriptural, too, that we should quote those words of John to people in the holiness meetings: "My little children I write unto you that ye sin not," but that is not sufficient, we must define things by the word of God. It generally happens that the devil will make a tremendous onslaught on these newly sanctified souls and there is no chance of victory in this deadly warfare except the soul is furnished with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

It was immediately after Jesus had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, when that spotless dove of fire had rested upon His holy head and the Father's voice declared before the assembled multitude, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," that He was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil for forty days and it is generally so with all His followers. Just at first is the greatest struggle, when the soul is tested on almost every point of its consecration—they may have to resist unto blood striving against sin. None of us may expect to defeat the devil, except as the Master did, when to each of His temptations we can answer, "Thus saith the Lord."

It is true that each soul has to face its temptations and gain its victories without human aid, it has to stand on its own individuality, before God, before devils and men, yet the Watchman is to a greater extent His brother's keeper, and if we take His word as our guide and teach its truths faithfully to others, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. He will enable us to sound it forth with no uncertain sound.

Let us just look for a moment what sin is to the believer: "All unrighteousness is sin."—John 5, 17. Sin is the transgression of the law (sins of commission), whatsoever is not of faith is sin. What a sweeping assertion that is! Numbers of God's children never imagine that encouraging doubt in their heart is sin. Then there are sins of omission, "therefore, to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin," and that servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to His will shall be beaten with many stripes. King Saul lost his power and never regained it through disobedience; and Samuel said, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold! to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams, for rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft and stubbornness is an iniquity and idolatry."—Samuel 14, 22-23.

It is an awful responsibility that rests upon us to declare these things faithfully and our punishment will be proportionately awful if we neglect to warn these precious souls and sound out the alarm in His holy mountain.

I shall never forget in my last station how I would groan and agonize before God as the hour of meeting drew on, for I knew the message I should deliver would be either the savor of life unto life or of death unto death, to every soul who listened to my voice, and I was afraid they might not give out the message plain enough and thus some soul should be mystified and be lost and damned to all eternity, and the only way I got out of that fear was to say, "Lord, I am Thine, just stand at my side and tell me what to say and I will give it out, word for word." Bless His name, He did; I stood there with him consciously by my side, all the responsibility of the message resting upon Him, my King and my God, and as surely as he told the other prophets what to say so He did me.

If we are led entirely by God we shall not fail to watch for the souls of the saints as well as sinners as those who must give account to God.

GRATITUDE!

Oh, what music there is in the name of mother! How I pity that child that has in life been deprived of the loving care of a mother, and yet how very many there are who do not value this best of God's earthly gifts. I have seen children disrespectful and ungrateful to their parents, and I have felt grieved as I have watched a silent tear course down a loving parent's cheek, and I have thought if an earthly parent can feel so keenly the ingratitude of a child, what must be the feelings of our loving heavenly Father, as He beholds the ingratitude of the multitude, who He not only loved from our birth, but gave His own only beloved Son to die for us, that we might share His glory in heaven alone. Oh that God may impart a right spirit of love and gratitude in each one of us.

I was very much impressed with the beautiful spirit of love and gratitude manifested in the remarks made by one of our wealthy citizens in a crowded meeting in the Temple. He said, "A short time ago I was privileged to pay a visit to my mother's grave, and as I stood bare-headed by that sacred spot, I thanked God that I had never did anything to grieve that precious mother. She was very poor, he said, and some times, when I would very much have liked to have been out playing with other boys, I have locked the door and put on an apron, and scrubbed the floor, to help my mother, and he said, 'Oh boys and girls, love your mothers, and be good to them. You, too, may some day have to stand by her grave, and then you will be so glad you were kind to her, who has done so much for you."

I could not keep back my tears as I called to mind the sad moment that I had stood by a much-loved mother's open grave, and realized all the sorrow it meant, and would add my own entreaties to be good and kind while you have the opportunity. Oh, with what feelings I listened to this noble, God-loving, God-fearing man, not ashamed to confess before ten thousand people that he loved his God and he loved his mother, and I thought no wonder that this boy, who went out into the world from this humble home, should become a rich and an honored man. God in His word says, "Him that honoreth Me, I will honor." He has fulfilled this promise. His promises never fail.

Perhaps this may meet the eye of some careless, wandering one, who has caused a loving mother much sorrow. It may be without really intending to be unkind. I would say to you return, and gladden her fond heart before the summons comes to call you to stand by a mother's open grave. Return ere it be too late. And there is another Friend (Jesus) you have been grieving, it may be for many years, who is standing with His loving arms open wide to receive you. Why will you turn away from His loving entreaties? He has waited long, and is waiting still. You use no other friend so ill. He will be more to you than all others, if you will only accept His loving invitation Come to Jesus.

E. M. G. G.

Soldiers, take notice! "And He saw a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites."—*Luke xxi.* Self-Denial Week is coming.

WHOM SHALL I SEND?

A CALL upon every soul that has proved the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse, to listen to this cry, as it comes from the Lord of Hosts Himself.

Yes, it is the voice of God as He calls for messengers to go with His Gospel of salvation to every sin-blighted soul in the land.

"Oh, I can't go," says one, "in fact, I never had the call, I never felt like going. I am waiting for God to make a special revelation to me before I can step out and be His apostle."

Oh, methinks, how many are just standing here waiting for some special sign or wonder before they will cry out like Isaiah, "Here I am, send me." Another, "I have no talent like Moses," they say. Oh, my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since Thou hast spoken to Thy servant, but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." Someone has said that all excuses are lies, and I am afraid it is so. The first class spoken of here would not wait for a special revelation (the truth is they don't look for what is plainly revealed in God's word, but want some special feeling.) If their brother or sister, father or mother were drowning before their eyes, they would then consider the danger of their loved one sufficient call, even to risk life itself in order to save them, regardless of how they felt on the matter.

They would act on the fact that unless something was done, their loved one must perish.

If the second class saw their home all in a blaze they would not stop to consider their eloquence, but would yell "fire! fire!" loud enough to be heard blocks away.

Oh, how false to say they never heard the call and cannot speak, when up from the seething, writhing mass of harlots, drunkards, liars, thieves, blasphemers, infidels, moralists, yea and from the heart of many a lad and lass who would like to do good, but don't know the way yet, there comes the cry louder and louder, until it rises into a shriek, "Who will help us, who will show us any good. Oh wretched beings that we are who will deliver us from the body of this death." And from heaven itself there comes the voice, as it were of an archangel, "Who will go, whom shall I send?"

What a call! The dying world saying, "Come to us." God Himself saying, "Go, go, go." The tired look, the hollow cheek, the broken voice of the worn-out worker crying "Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

"Oh," someone says, "that is just like the excitable stuff they print in the WAR CRY. Why, there was a piece in it only a few weeks ago on the very same line." Very well, brother, let us measure things up with the Bible.

You profess to be a servant of Jesus Christ's. Listen to Him as He says, "If any man forsake not all that he hath he cannot be My disciple." "The fields are white already to the harvest. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers in His harvest." No use your praying except you are willing to go yourself. Don't get on your knees and mock God. You love souls you say. Well, let us look and see. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren," (1 John 3 ch. 16 verse.) "In this was manifest the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only Son into the world that we might live through Him," (4 ch. 10 vers.) Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought to love one another. How love one another? you might ask; Why, love so as to do them good, to even give our lives for them. Again. For ye know that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be made rich. For even Christ pleased not Himself."

Not a soul in this world is satisfied with hearing about good things and wonderful sights, until they can see them for themselves.

Just look at the teeming millions rushing to and fro on pleasure excursions to see something to please the eye. And just so the perishing world will never be convinced of your love to them until they see that love manifested in a practical way in your doing something for their salvation. God's love was manifested to the world by His giving His Son to die for it. Now, I nor no other person can believe in your love until we see the same spirit of self-sacrifice manifest in your giving your life for the bettering of the world. You may say that you feel a lot of love towards perishing souls, but again and again comes the cry, "Let us see it. Let us see it. Let us see it." Perhaps you may say "if they won't believe without they see, then I don't choose to show them," and quote the Saviour's words when He says, "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe."

Then I fear you have not the love of God in you. For the same Saviour made bare the pierced side and hands and feet, in order that Thomas might see and believe, and I fear that the world is full of doubters just like Thomas. Then it is your duty, as a follower of Christ, to show to the world the proof of your love.

Perhaps convinced by some of these words of truth you say, "I would go but I can't, oh, I can't, I am so weak." Then listen again to the voice of God as it says, "Certainly I will go with thee." "Trust in the Lord and He shall bring it to pass. The Lord hath called thee in righteousness. I will hold thy hand and will keep thee."

I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Who art thou that thou should'st be afraid of man that shall die, or the son of man that shall be made as grass." "I have put my words in thy mouth, and will cover thee with the shadow of My hand. Lo I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

Brother, sister, come up to the mark once, and forever resolve that you will live for God and souls alone. Show that you love them by giving your life for their salvation. Cry with Isaiah, "Here I am, send me," and you may also take up those beautiful words and say, "The Lord God will help me, therefore I shall not be confounded. Therefore have I set My face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." And be sure of this that your labor will not be in vain in the Lord.

JOS. P——.

HE USES WEAK THINGS.

There is nothing trivial with God. He delighteth to take the things that men esteem weak and foolish to accomplish His purposes and to demonstrate His Almighty power. Sometimes an act of kindness so small in man's eye, or perhaps unnoticed altogether by any other person, has been the turning point of many a career from destruction to salvation. But the Eye that noticed the widow's mite has seen it, and the seed, though very small, has taken root, and great indeed has been the blessing.

A pastor who was very much concerned about an infidel that lived in the same place as himself determined to prepare a course of sermons upon the existence of God, and gave notice of their delivery. The pastor was well versed in theology and in the deep sciences, and thought that his knowledge could convince the most hardened mind that there was a God. The sermons were preached, but alas! the last sermon was preached and the infidel remained an infidel still. At the close of the last meeting, as he was coming down the steps, he met a poor colored woman bent with rheumatism, trying to make her way down the steps. He turned to help her down, and when the last step was reached she turned to him and asked, "Do you love Jesus? Oh, He is such a blessed Saviour!" The infidel gazed upon her in blank astonishment. She was poor and old and bent with suffering, but her words and look bespoke a joy within that he knew not. The very pathos of her voice when she exclaimed, "He is such a blessed Saviour!" thrilled him through and through. Conviction seized him. He could not erase that scene and those words from his mind, and after weary and hard struggling he fell a trophy at the blessed Saviour's feet. The eloquent sermons failed, but those simple words spoken by an untutored woman brought him to himself. God indeed chose the weak to confound the mighty. Ye who have many talents and perhaps a liberal education, remember the Word of God says, "It's not by might or power, but by My Spirit." If your many talents are sanctified so much the better, and you can indeed become a useful worker in the Lord's vineyard; but God can be independent of them if unsanctified. He can use a child for His glory. I would just say, be very careful that your every act speaks of Jesus, and in the eternal morn you will see the good done. Remember this, there is nothing trivial with God.

CAPT. ABBIE MILLER.

Hold On! Victory Ahead!

DEAR COMRADES,—

Being laid aside for a while on account of an accident, and while reading II. Chron. 33, and II. Kings, chaps. 18, 19, I received such encouragement, that the thought came, perhaps it might be a blessing to others who were fighting when things had gone down. Where once there was a grand march and a crowded platform, now only one or two soldiers are true to help fight. Sennacherib with his host had gone forth, and the strongest kingdoms had fallen before him. Now he comes up to the fenced cities and prepares to take Jerusalem, where his few faithful followers dwelt. He makes his boast that, as he had conquered the surrounding nations and their gods had been powerless to help them, so their God would be unable to deliver them out of his hand. He sent messengers to Hezekiah's soldiers inviting them to leave and come over on his side. Hezekiah built up the walls, got his men around, and then went to God for help. He spread the letters he had received from Sennacherib before the Lord, and God sent him the message of cheer found in II. Chron. 32, 7-8, and, trusting in his God, he got the victory. Sennacherib lost his life.

Now, our great Sennacherib (Satan) will come up to us when things are down, and say, "You might as well give up. As I gained the victory over so many soldiers who were once true, so I shall do with you." He sends his messengers to remind us how our ranks had been thinned out, and very soon everything will give way before him; so we had better, he tells us, come over on his side, the world.

Although he may have got the victory over many strong soldiers, yet if the few remaining ones will, like Hezekiah, examine our armour, get on our knees before God, and then go forward with the same promise, "be strong and courageous; be not afraid or dismayed of the devil, nor of all the multitude that is with him, for with him is the arm of flesh, but with us is the arm of the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles," God will help the few, and all difficulties will vanish, and enemies fall as Sennacherib did before Hezekiah. So cheer up, soldiers. Although your numbers may be small, if you hold on to God, you shall have victory, remembering the battle is not yours, but God's. Perhaps He is only trying you to see if you will stand alone for him. I find every day that our warfare becomes more and more real, and the very fact that some are unfaithful should spur us on to be more desperate for God and souls. Ever keeping before us the promise, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Yours "following all the way,"

CAPT. EMMA H. ALLAN.

"I hope you are keeping humble as well as saved, and that you are very careful to give all the glory to God for the victory which He uses you to win. Do be careful to get all your converts thoroughly saved at the start. Half-saved converts usually grow into full fledged backsliders sooner or later. Look after them well, individually and all the time."—*Letter to an Officer.*

OFFICERS' CORNER.

Great vict'ries in the past we've won by
God's almighty arm,
So naught the devil e'er can do gives us
the least alarm;
We live so near the wood that owls can
ne'er our souls dismay—
The ever-victorious Army is bound to win
the day!

***

Lass! Be one of God Almighty's eternal women of war!

***

Most people believe in just as much religion as they see—and no more.

***

If you do your duty anywhere you are bound to have a hard fight. If the place you are at is not hard, it is your duty to make it so. This will soon happen when you really begin to upset the devil.

***

TUNE—*Draw me nearer.*

[When the devil tempts you to feel that God is too busy to attend to you and your work for Him, kneel down and sing this.]

Thou art mine, oh God, and I will not fear,
While I Thy Commission hold;
For where'er I am Thou art always near,
And to know this makes me bold.

I will never, never doubt Thee any more!
For Thy wisdom, power and love,
All are close beside me daily in the War
As I march to heaven above.

***

In time of perplexity and darkness, always remember that it is quite impossible for God to do anything more wonderful for your help and deliverance in the present or the future than He has already done for you in the past. You have only to look back to the circumstances of your conversion, and the early days of your soldierhood, to see that the power which brought you through and over all the wonderful things that happened in that six months is more than sufficient for anything likely to be met between this and your coffin.

***

Keep up your spirits and your will power. God wants to work through you and to use you for the salvation of souls, as also to conquer the powers of evil. But war means fighting, and fighting means suffering, and disappointment, and hardness—and these things all the way through. The wisest plan, both for you and for me, is not to avoid these things—or rather, try to—but to go through with them and be brought off more than conquerors by His power.

***

When you are face to face with a difficulty, take a little time to think of its cause, rather than the particular effect you see before you. Officers often lay up trouble for themselves in the future, as well as difficulties for others, in spending labor in dealing with effects rather than causes. The consequence is that though things are made easier for the present as a result of their exertions, after a little time the work has to be done all over again, either by themselves or somebody else.

***

From one of my letters to an officer in the field:—"As to your visiting, I think you should talk to the Lord about it, but I do not see why you should feel so much disheartened because people will not welcome you to their houses and so on. Remember that as yet they do not know much about you for themselves, or your religion either, and also that the most of what they have heard is bad as well as false. You must reasonably expect therefore that it will take some little time, as well as some little experience, of you and your ways to remove this difficulty. You should make a special effort to get some of these church and chaple people to read the WAR CRY and also "All the World" for themselves if you can. Much of their prejudice is caused by ignorance, and if you can get them to read our books and papers for themselves, I think that their ideas of you will change.

NOTICE TO OFFICERS.

As an addition to those already announced, Public Meetings will be held on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19 and 20, in Toronto, to welcome the new Commissioner. All Officers who are coming to the Farewell and Anniversary Meetings will be allowed to stay over till Saturday morning, Sept. 21st. But all Officers must return to their stations for Sunday, 22nd, unless special permission has been obtained from the D. O. otherwise.

R. BAILEY,
Chief Secty.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 In My Heart.

BY STAFF-CAPT. GRIFFITHS.

[NOTE.—This song was inserted in the CRY some time ago, with Capt. Wiggin's name attached. This was an error. He set the music to it, and the "Welsh Minstrel" wrote the words.]

MY heart was once so full of sin,
But now is washed and cleansed within;
My God has made His dwelling there,
And I a glorious banquet share.

CHORUS.

Oh! the Saviour is living in my heart,
He has bid every sin and fear depart;
It is now all His own, for He sits upon the throne,
In full possession of my heart.

My heart was once a filthy nest
For unclean lusts that which spoiled my rest,
But Christ came in, the foes were spoiled,
And cleansed the place where sin had soiled.

Glory to God, no lust or toy
Can mar my peace, or steal my joy,
The carnal mind and worldly pride
Have given way to Christ inside.

My heart is sweet, there Jesus lives,
It thrives in grace, it pleasure gives;
I ne'er can want a joy beside,
While Jesus is my friend and guide.

Glory to God, my heart is free.
His face and glory there I see;
I'll fight and toil while He is there,
My soul for heaven He will prepare.

2 On the Ocean.

BY M. J. PAYTON.

TUNE—*I will follow Thee my Saviour.*

OUT upon the boundless ocean
Of my dear Redeemer's love,
Swift my bark is sailing onward
To the heavenly port above;
Wind and waves may beat below me,
Fiercely blow the earthly gales,
Far above all tempests lifted,
Safe in Jesus' love I dwell.

CHORUS:

I will praise Thee, oh, my Saviour,
I will sing Thy love to me;
Till I praise Thee o'er the river,
And Thy light and glory see.

On my Saviour's promise resting,
Safe my soul from all alarm;
Though young lions look and suffer,
Naught His child can ever harm.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
For the deep, all-conquering love,
How my heart doth sing with gladness
On my way to heaven above.

Oh, ye who have this news tasted
Of the goodness of the Lord,
Come just now, He's waiting, pleading,
Oh, believe His precious word;
Know the beauty of His presence,
See the sunshine of His face;
Come just now and prove His mercy,
Come and learn His wondrous grace.

3 A Wonderful Story.

BY MAJOR BLACK.

TUNE—*Under the blood-red fire flag.*

NOW, listen to me while a story I tell,
So wonderful, startling, and true,
Of how men are changed by a proper machine,
And turned out quite sparkling and new.

CHORUS.

We're the Salvation Army, you know,
Although you may think we are queer;
Against sin we fight, for we know we are right,
And we'll never give in, don't you fear.

Now Bob from the Alley was a drunken old ass,
So wretched and hardened through sin;
No one seemed to trouble to better his lot,
Or try his affections to win.

But the Army came marching along to this town,
And Bob was the first of his crew
Who followed the drum to the Salvation Hall,
And there he began life anew.

No one before told him that he had a Friend,
Who loved him, although he was bad;
But words such as these brought tears to his eyes,
And made him feel ever so glad.

So down on his knees by the seat Bob did fall,
And there wept for gladness of heart,
For a voice full of pity spoke pardon and peace
To the soul of the drunkard so dark.

And now Bob's a soldier of Number One Corps,
A soldier as you all can see;
To rags and tatters he's long said farewell,
And now he is happy and free.

4 Perfect Peace.

BY J. S., TORONTO 1.

TUNE—*Sweet rest in heaven.*

OH, precious is the current
That washes from all sin,
That gives a peace unutered,
So calm and sweet within;
There is no condemnation,
Since washed in Jesus' blood,
And now by faith I'm living
Upon the Son of God.

CHORUS.

Perfect peace through the Blood,
Perfect peace through the Blood,
From inbred sin a peace within,
Perfect peace through the Blood.

The precious Blood does cleanse me
Does keep me every day,
Living for Him whose presence
Cheers me over on my way;
In the midst of the conflict
His presence goes before,
Enabling me to triumph
And conquer every foe.

So soldiers keep on fighting,
We are sure to win the day,
Our God He is Almighty,
To guide, to keep, to save;
To Him who has redeemed us,
To Him who keeps us near,
Be endless praise and glory,
For His blood to us so dear.

5 Holiness.

BY ARTHUR GOODCHILD, H. T. B.

TUNE—*Come, brother dear.*

OH, blessed Lord, I long to feel
And know that Thou hast made me whole,
And cleansed me from all sin;
Come, Lord, and fill my craving heart,
As from all sin I now do part,
And give up all for Thee.

My longing heart looks up to Thee,
Thy blessed smile now let me see,
And all Thy fullness prove.
Now let me bathe my weary soul
In Jesus' love, and let me feel
The glory from above.

My time, my talents, all are Thine,
Long as I live Thou shalt be mine,
I'll live for God alone.
Just now I feel the cleansing power,
Comes o'er me like a mighty shower,
Since I am fully Thine.

Self-Denial means giving up something for value or like; learning in have few wants; letting go ALL that you can do without.

6 Christ in Me.

BY LIEUT. GUERNEY, CALGARY.

TUNE—*Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.*

COME ye, who doubt and fear and sin,
The blood will wash you white within,
'Twill pave the way, the heart prepare,
For Him who walks to dwell e'en there.

CHORUS.

Saviour come, Saviour come,
And make my heart Thy bright own home,
Oh, come and live and dwell with me,
Thine ever, Lord, alone I'll be,
Dwell with me, dwell with me,
Thine ever, Lord, alone I'll be.

"I am the Vine, the branches ye:
He that abides alone in Me,
And I in Him, shall bring forth fruit;"
This is the blessed word of truth.

The hope of glory—"Christ in me,"
'Tis perfect love, light, liberty.
Oh, Christ! I yield my all to Thee,
Come in my Lord, and dwell with me.

The King of Glory has come in,
He dwells within, He saves from sin;
No longer do I doubt His word,
But take Him as my Saviour-Lord.

7

TUNE—"*He pardoned a rebel like me.*"

WHEN God, as the Judge of the nations comes forth,
When the last trumpet sounds o'er the land,
When before Him shall come all the tribes of the earth,
Say, will you be able to stand?

CHORUS.

Oh, will you be able to stand?
Oh, will you be able to stand?
When Christ shall appear, will your garments be clear?
Say, will you be able to stand?

For the great day of wrath, is your foundation sure?
Have you built on the rock or on the sand?
When the storm beats around you, oh, are you secure?
Say, will you be able to stand?

Will you to the rocks and mountains then call,
To hide from the wrath of the Lamb?
Will anguish and terror your bosom enthrall,
Say, will you be able to stand?

'Tis those who through great tribulation have come,
Obeying the Saviour's command;
Yes, those on that morning shall hear the "Well done!"
Yes, these shall be able to stand!

CAPT. A. G. P.

GONE TO GLORY!

Just as we go to Press, the news has reached us that

MRS. MAJOR MORRIS

"Swept into Glory," on Thursday, August 29th. Everybody pray for the Major and his Boys.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Private Elsie Wilson, of Stratford, to be Cadet at Ottawa T.H.

Private Ida Crispin, of Cornwall, to be Cadet at Ottawa T.H.

Private Roderick Murray, of Gananoque, to be Cadet at Yorkville T.H.

Private Bella Jamieson, of Brampton, to be Cadet.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Private Abram Tilley, of Little Bay, to be Cadet at Hants Harbor.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Lieut. Desbrisay, of Campbellton, to be Capt. at North Head.

Lieut. Flo Johnson, of Halifax II., to be Capt. at Montague Bridge.

Lieut. Holman, of North Sydney, to be Capt. at Woodward's Cove.

Lieut. Clements, to be Capt. at Lamèneetown.

Lieut. McGilvery, of Bridgetown, to be Capt. at Halifax II.

Cadet Davies, of St. John T.H., to be Lieut. at Newcastle.

Cadet Smith, of St. John T. H., to be Lieut. at North Head.

Cadet Maidment, of St. John T.H., to be Lieut. at Bathurst.

Cadet Alward, of Fredericton, to be Lieut. at Halifax II.

Private Steadman, of Annapolis, to be Cadet at St. John T.H.

Private Roach, of Annapolis, to be Cadet at St. John T.H.

APPOINTMENT.

Brigade-Capt. Hind, to the Brantford Training Depot.

MARRIED.

At St. John, N.B., by Commissioner, on August 22nd, Capt. Harry Connett, late stationed at New Glasgow, N.S., now specialling to Capt. Maggie Phillips of Carleton, N.B.

T. B. COOMBS,
COMMISSIONER.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
TORONTO, ONT.

WAR CRY
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1889.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS' TO BE ABLE TO ANNOUNCE SUCCESSOR. We are pleased to be able to announce that the General has arranged for Col. Adams, the new Commissioner, to arrive in Canada in time to have a public welcome in Toronto Thursday, Sept. 19th. The fact that all the Dominion staff-officers and so many field-officers and soldiers will be in Toronto at that date for the farewell of our loved Commissioner Coombs, makes it all the more to the advantage of the work that the General has been able to arrange this. Commissioner Adams will thus have an opportunity of seeing all his staff together, as well as a great number of officers, and so be able to get to know them at once in a much more effective manner than could possibly be otherwise. We are sure that all will intend coming to the farewell meetings will make a special effort to stay in Toronto another day and join in the general greeting of welcome to our new leader. The Anniversary meetings will be continued in Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19 and 20, and in the evening of both these days Commissioner Adams will be present. There will also be special meetings for officers, staff and field are invited to stay.

The past career of Col. Adams shows him to be just the very man for Canada, and we are sure the old chariot will go rolling along merrily, especially if every one comes to his help loyally.

OUR DOWN EAST. From various sources we learn that the Commissioner is having great success in his farewell in the Maritime Provinces. Great crowds have greeted him in every town, and some of the largest buildings have been packed with soldiers and outsiders, who have been anxious to hear his last words and see him for the last time. Let us pray that the interest may continue to increase, and that hundreds of sinners shall cry for mercy.

* * *

OUR COMMISSIONER'S FAREWELL. Time is on the wing, and the 18th of September will soon be upon us, bringing with it our Commissioner's parting words. Doubtless there are some who care but little who comes and who goes, but we are pleased to know that there are very many, outside Army circles, whose sympathies blend with our own, and are one with us in the importance of any change or circumstance affecting the well-being of the kingdom of God. Yet it is only those who have been closely associated with him, and who have watched with holy pride the onward march of the Salvation Army in Canada during the last five years, and the Commissioner's immediate relationship thereto, who can fully realize the meaning of bidding him "good-bye."

Not that we stand in any doubt or uncertainty in regard to the future, for we have learned, and proved too, by blessed experience that the God under whose power and direction the Army has been raised up is able to keep it up, and it is in this direction, with the pillar of fire still burning by night and the cloud hovering by day, that we adjust the heavenly telescope and watch the movements of God's Almighty arm.

Did we but keep our eye on the human side of our great salvation work only, we might perhaps hang our harp on the willows; but with the multiplicity of corps, captains, and soldiers, before us and around us, and knowing as we do that the measures of his administration have, under God's blessing, been the instrument in securing this prosperity and advancement, and that the whole machinery has been in touch with the word and will of God, our burning and chief desire is (though it may cause us grief) that in the future, as in the past, the perfect will of God may be heartily and cheerfully obeyed, a continuance of the same blessedness and vitality enjoyed, and the advancement of the Messiah's kingdom ever kept front and first. Meanwhile, we say, "God bless the Commissioner!"

WAR NOTES

WAR PROBLEM.—"Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field. Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and when thou goest out."

* * *

By the bye, did you ever read the chapter in which these verses occur. If not find it, and beginning at verse 1, go right through to the finish, and then if you are one of these obedient ones, you can claim all these blessings. Hallelujah! What need we fear?

* * *

Hallelujah weddings, as usual, seem all the go. Many will remember our old friend, Capt. Harry Connett, of Quintette fame. Well, he has taken to him a wife, and Capt. Maggie Phillips is now Mrs. Connett. The Commissioner married them at St. John, N.B.

* * *

Ah! now for news. Two other weddings are to take place during September. Staff-Capt. is mixed up in one of these. He will marry . Then the other is a field captain. *How will* these events come off. Will they *hack* interest? Well, of course not. But come along and see for yourself.

* * *

The new Commissioner will be at the public meeting on Thursday, September 19th, and on Friday 20th he will lead Officers' Councils all day. On Friday night there will be "A Great United Holiness Convention," led by Commissioner Adams, assisted by all the Canadian Staff officers.

* * *

Staff-Capt. Bolton writes to say that one of his cousins, whom he had never met before, got saved in a meeting recently led by himself. Hallelujah! Windsor had a good shaking up spiritually, so Alex. says, and several souls have been converted. God bless the South-West.

* * *

We were glad to see our old friend "Griff," the Welsh Minstrel, home once more. He was telling the "Scribe" that he had visited almost every corps in the Dominion, from Newfoundland to Vancouver. His latest trip through the Montreal Division has been a rather tough one, but souls have been saved.

* * *

The tour of the Canadian H.T.B. continues to be a big success, and Staff-Capt. McHardy says:—"We are having good times. I am resting so sweetly in my Redeemer's side, and He is supplying all my needs for body and soul." Let everybody pray for a spiritual eruption in every town the boys visit.

* * *

The Commissioner is calling for more strong, thorough, sanctified, male musicians to make up the complement of the band. Now, ye lads, here's a beautiful chance for you to put in full time for God and souls. Who'll be the next to volunteer?

* * *

True, the weather is very hot, and the difficulties of our D.O.'s are legion in many cases, but surely we ought to hear more from them than we do. Divisional Aveils are scarce, but we are confident that the sparks keep flying. Lots of interesting things take place, and it would cheer the officers of every division to read some news from their respective D.O. Now, D.O.'s, what about it?

* * *

You had better buy next week's WAR CRY, for there will be lots of revelations in it, and it will contain many stirring reports. Since his wedding, Steve has been moving around among his old friends, but by this time he, with Mrs. Marshall, are, no doubt, thoroughly established as heads of the Peterboro' Diocese.

* * *

The Scribe has had a casual glance at the copy of the programme of the big meetings and it did his eyesight good. My, what big things are coming off! Here are a few:—

A special feature will be a monster opening in Queen's Park on Sunday, led by the T. H. Staff, while the Eastern and Western Staff lead on at the various city corps. On Monday afternoon there is to be a great musical meeting in Richmond Street, and a mammoth banquet at the Temple.

* * *

Then on Tuesday there is a special wedding march previous to the double wedding, and they tell me that this march will out do anything of its kind ever seen in the Army. Then the final march with our dear Commissioner to the depot will be interesting; hundreds of people will be there to hear his parting shots.

* * *

But I must not tell you all the grand news of different happenings. Patience is a virtue.

WAR SCRIBE.

The Self-Denial Week is postponed for a few weeks on account of the Anniversary and Farewell Meetings.

BEWARE OF

A woman giving the name of Mrs. Heywood, better known in Toronto and elsewhere as Mrs. Polly Bates. Wears spectacles, age about 50; is an accomplished liar and thief. Wanted at Toronto, Orillia, Woodstock and elsewhere for stealing. Professes to get saved and thus win confidence. BEWARE. If she comes to your corps hand her over to the police and write Staff-Capt. Baugh, Woodstock, and Major Glover, Toronto.

Redeemed by Christ.

BY L. M. GREEN, B. H. G.

TUNE—*Oh, what a Redeemer!*

SINNER, the Blood is flowing free for you on Calvary;
Why will you not get washed to-day And gain sweet liberty?
What charms of earth can ever give you joy,
As long as sorrow's chains do bind
The heart God should employ?

CHORUS,

Oh! what a Redeemer, is Jesus my Saviour,
Forgiving my sins and bearing all my woe.
Oh! what a Redeemer, is Jesus, my Saviour,
Proclaiming my liberty and washing me white as snow.

Redeemed by Christ, the words are sweet,
To those who've proved Him true;
And you may know your sins forgiven,
For He waits to save o'en you.
But how can we expect our God
To wash away your stain,
As long as you will turn your back
On His blessed face and name?

Redeemed by Christ, your life may be
So spotless, pure and clean;
Washed in the blood of Him who died
On Calvary's rugged tree.
Oh, may your very soul breathe forth
Before the cross of Him;
A prayer that He will keep you true
From waywardness and sin.

THE Commissioners FAREWELL IN THE EAST.

Marvellous Times. Big Crowds. Lots of Souls

St. John has welcomed, heard, and said "good-bye" to the Commissioner for the last time.

Yes, he has been and gone.

How God blessed and helped him in the private farewell tea, Officers' Council and Public Demonstration. Only those who were present in the spirit can tell.

That gathering of officers and friends in Carmarthan St. Church was ——. Well, you should have been there.

Dr. Pope, Rev. Dawson, Bro. Turner, Staff-Capt. Southall, and others, spoke very feelingly of the Commissioner's labor of love amongst us for the past five years, and also of his farewell.

Capt. Fisher, who accompanied the Commissioner, was pleased to be present. He was glad also to be able to say that he was part and parcel of the great Salvation Army for life.

He also believed that the fact of our having settled the question for time, materially helped and blessed us in our work.

We say "Amen." If God has called us to the Army, let us once and forever be satisfied that the Army's our place while life shall last.

All was silent as the Commissioner arose to address the officers and friends gathered around him.

In reviewing the work in Canada for the past five years and five months, he gave God all the glory for what had been accomplished, and felt sure that, in spite of the many peculiarities of the far off land to which he was going, victory awaited him on every hand.

The united soldiers' meeting, led by the Commissioner the same night, in the Bowling Alley, was a season of profit and blessing to our souls.

At the wind-up some ten or twelve were at the mercy seat claiming and having fulfilled in them the promises of God.

And the Councils? They were of short duration, but oh, how sweet were the moments spent together.

God rested mightily upon the Commissioner, and a live coal from off the altar seemed to touch the lips of Capt. Fisher.

The blessings received were very definite; much light streamed into our souls, and the work in the Eastern Provinces cannot help feeling the result of the same.

The dodgers announcing the "Hallelujah wedding of Capt. —— to Capt. ——, Commissioner Coombs in command," drew large crowds to the Mechanic's Institute Thursday night.

In fact, before meeting time every seat off the platform was occupied, and many were turned disappointedly away.

What a sight met our eyes from the platform. The gallery, the orchestra, the pit, one sea of faces, one mass of humanity, all surging on toward the great judgment bar of God.

The statistics made use of by the Commissioner was a startling announcement, and many praised God that night for the grand old army of aggression, sweeping on to conquer the world for God.

And now comes the wedding. A few minutes more and the secret is made known.

Soon Captains Connett and Phillips were facing the large assembly, and soon after were proclaimed man and wife.

They unite for the war. May God's richest blessing attend them.

Yes, the Commissioner has farewelled from our midst, and unitedly the prayers of the Eastern Division of this blessed Army go with him to his next scene of action.

Among the many changes at the late Council were the following: Capt. Steele and wife, of Fredericton, proceed to Moncton; Capt. Blackborn and Lieut. Gardiner farewell from Moncton and march on to Campbellton.

Capt. Yorke leaves Halifax and takes hold at Fredericton, while Capt. Frazer, who has been resting, takes up the reins at Halifax.

Capt. Wheeler again comes to the front after a short rest and goes in charge of Newcastle. Capt. Chipperton and wife proceeding to Amherst and relieving Captain Evans, who is compelled to rest again.

May the work of saving souls speed on. Stick to your guns, comrades in the East, and we shall yet see the name of the Lord magnified in our midst.

The Major, accompanied by D. O's. Cooper and Southall, has just finished a very illustrious tour through Cape Breton.

Said a man to me a few days ago, "'Tis wonderful what you meet when you have no gun." This proved to be the case on the Major's tour, yet notwithstanding all they came in contact with God gave the victory, and altogether a very blessed time was spent among the Cape Bretoners.

A little more Holy Ghost fire and sanctified life will be a blessing. Don't be afraid, comrades. Be hot and out.

There will be over 200 drums on the Marches in Toronto during the Commissioner's Farewell Meetings.

Talking about India, Headquarters were very sorry to hear of dear McLean's promotion to Glory, she being the first Canadian officer to die in India, and we feel sure it has made more solid and substantial, the bond of love which already binds Canada and India together.

* * *

While on his way to fill an appointment for Saturday and Sunday the other day, the "cons in it" happened to pass a field where a game of baseball was in progress. He found out the teams were made up of, one lot, all workmen of different factories, and the other, professional gentlemen among whom were two of the ministers of the town. Some one wanted to know if anyone got converted over it, or whether they held a prey meeting before they started. I think not. People can draw their own moral from this incident, but rarely the people of this world are a peculiar people.

Do You Get Down to the Stream of Living Water, or do you try to Raise it up?

"That is really a beautiful spring of water that you have in that field. Your cattle seem so contented and happy in getting all the cool water they wish to drink," remarked the deacon one day this summer.

"Yes, remarked Elder McKinlay, but I can remember the first years you had that farm, that your cattle and horses did not get enough to drink; in very hot days I have seen them sometimes roaming about very dissatisfied apparently looking for water." Was the spring not there then? or did it not flow so freely as now?

"Yes, I replied, it just flowed as freely and as purely and as cooly, when the cattle were wandering about parched with thirst because the day was hot and they could not get enough to drink, as it does to-day. In those days I was making very much the same mistake in regard to this pure water as very many of God's professed servants are making at the present day in regard to the water of life, that water of which our blessed Lord said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"Aye, and how do you make that out?" says Elder McKinlay. Well, I will try and explain to you as clearly as I can and I pray that God's holy, blessed spirit may show it to your mind just as clearly as He has taught it to me. When I got that farm I tried to get the water up to the cattle, the water was down so low that the animals could not reach it to get in sufficient quantities to allay their thirst in very hot days and I went to work to endeavor to raise the water up to the cattle. I made mines and built all sorts of dams and contrivances in the vain endeavor to raise the water higher, when I ought to have known that water would "never" rise higher than its source. So one day after some more fresh and equally fruitless attempts to raise the water up, I sat down and looking down at the beautiful water bubbling up as clear as crystal, the thought came to me, "when you cannot raise the water to the cattle, why not lower the cattle to the water, and away I went for the horses and the plough and the road scraper and I ploughed and scraped all the earth away until I lowered the ground around the spring so that the cattle could reach it nicely and get all they wanted to drink in the very hottest days.

Is not this so very like so many professed servants of Jesus Christ at the present day? Mainly by their efforts to raise the water of life up to the people, when they ought to bring the people down to the water of life.

This, at any rate was my own experience. When I was in the church, I was trying to drink freely of the water of life, but I was standing high upon some of my sins and on various things that I had great doubts were not right, but when the Army came along and as it were, lifted the plough into the beam and showed me where I was wrong, I saw clearly that I could not drink freely, so high up, so I very willingly allowed the spirit to plough away at my heart until He got all the known sins and weights and hindrances removed, and then I found that I was low enough so that I could drink, oh so freely, of the water of life, and it seems to me that the hotter the time the more I enjoy the cooling stream. And this leads me to speak of the advantage that the Army officer has over the ordinary preacher of the gospel, who is receiving a large salary and is moving amongst the "respectable" sinners, for he knows very well that if he would honestly endeavor to bring the people down low enough so that they could drink freely of the water of life many of them would get offended and go somewhere else, so a compromise is made and a feeble attempt is made to raise the water of life, so that the people can drink standing on their weights and sins, and this is one of the reasons so many are against the doctrine of holiness, it would offend so many people who pay well, "for you know" these ministers will tell you such and such an one is a very good paying member and it would be a serious thing to lose him from our congregation, so we must just bear a little with his feelings and inconsistencies."

Ah, my dear brother, whether are you serving the living God or the Baal of public opinion? Which? Remember God is not mocked, you may mock yourself, but God you cannot mock then "choose ye this day whom ye will serve." If God be God then serve Him, if public opinion be God and is able to save you, then serve it. I was long enough a slave to public opinion, and I tell you the slavery is terrible, and the more you do to satisfy the terrible monster the more you will have to do. May God bless you, throw off the yoke and be free, come off from all these hindrances and get down at the foot of the cross, for it is only there that you will get the fullest light and liberty and remember that unless you walk in the light which God has given you, it will turn out to your condemnation. It is only "if we walk in the light as he is in the light, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin."

And to you who have never tasted of this delightful cooling stream, but are vainly trying to satisfy the thirst for your never dying souls in the vain so called pleasures of this sinful world, what shall I say to you? "You cannot get any satisfaction to your soul in the vain pleasures of this world, you know it, and thousands upon thousands have tried it and have proved for themselves, "that the wages of sin is death." What is sin, did you say? God's word says that "all unrighteousness is sin."

Do you thirst for the living water? do you long for something that will satisfy the cravings of your immortal nature listen then to the gracious invitation:—

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to the sacred fountain all,
Without a price may go.

"And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Hallelujah, amen.

In Loving Memory
—OF—
CAPT. CHANDNI (McLean).

BY CAPT. DEVA VADIYU, BOMBAY.

Not known to the world, known only to God,
How she longed to bring India to follow her Lord.
"I am sure Jesus called me, dear India to win,
To tell of the Jesus who can wash away sin.
At first I would wonder why I was thus brought,
And yet when I came, His will only I sought,
And now I'm just willing to suffer or die,
For I know I shall understand all bye-and-bye.
I can trust Him each day for it's Him who has planned
And His joys, sufferings, blessings, I can take from His hands."
And thus her experience with joy she would tell,
For she knew that her Saviour would do all things well.
In the midst of her sufferings her face beamed with joy,
For she possessed peace that no power could destroy.
She often would sing of the city of gold,
How she would enter with joy when the gates would unfold,
"But I cannot tell you the fight how I love,
But I'll understand all when I see Him above.
My only desire's to be faithful and true,
Not waver a moment, but fight my way through.
This suffering it draws me so close to my Lord,
And I get such great blessings by reading His word,
For He has promised to help one right up to the end,
For in most trying moments His strong arm will lend.
A soldier I am and a soldier I'll be
Until in bright glory His face I shall see,
And whether my pathway be flowery or rough
I know that my Saviour will be just enough."
Much more we remember of what she has said
And her influence of love o'er dark India must spread.
We're sure that her Saviour who loves to hear prayer
Has answered. India's lost must the blessings now share.
For what we can't see now I'm sure we shall know
How the prayers of the faithful brings heaven below.
His kingdom must come, the King He shall reign,
And then we shall praise Him again and again.
We miss her example and spirit of love.
But we know she's rejoicing with Jesus above.
So we leave her with Him who's a right to His own,
And we know she is wearing a conqueror's crown.
And India's loss is heavens' great gain,
Our comrades has gone to return no'er again.
Her fighting is over, the last victory won,
And now she is resting with Jesus at home.
Although she has gone yet her voice seems to say,
"Be faithful to India, in the fight ever stay,
I've laid down my sword, take it up and go on,
Until precious souls to my Saviour are won,
For millions are dying in darkness and sin,"
O let us go forward the lost ones to win.
Like her we can conquer. Like her we can die.
Go forward victoring, satan's power to defy.
And then when we meet her around the bright throne,
We can talk and rejoice o'er the victories won.

VERY URGENT!

TO OUR TORONTO FRIENDS.

We shall need Billets for nearly 200 Officers who are coming to the Congress to take part in the Great Farewell Meetings. Will all our City Friends who can take two or more, write immediately either to Headquarters, or to Major Margetts, Dundas Street, Toronto. This is very urgent! "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." This will Jesus say at the Reckoning Day.

Palmerston Division.

The Blood Will Cleanse.

W—ilkerton Warriors not dead yet,
A—live to fight, the victory we get,
L—iving to thrash the devil on every hand,
K—ing Jesus still leads on His noble band.
E—ver faithful we are at His command,
R—ejoicing in God we can take such a stand.
T—o drive sin and Satan out of our land.
O—ne soul won for Christ, all glory to God,
"No retreat," is our motto; victory through the Blood.

LIEUT. W. MCCOLLOUGH.

Jesus Liberates Slaves.

PALMERSTON—We can look back over another week's victory. On Thursday night we had a musical meeting, several good songs were rendered accompanied by an organ and three violins. We had a continuation on Saturday night and all day Sunday led by Adjutant Cousins, and glory to God, we finished up with one dear woman in the fountain, and God sweetly saved her.

CAPT. M. WALKER.

Pardon is Free.

DRAYTON—Well here's a report from Drayton at last. Although you have not heard from us for a long time yet we are not standing still. "Onward and forward," is our motto." The devil has been raging in our midst like a roaring lion, but God has been working and His work is always done thoroughly. Praise His name. Since last report three souls and two wanderers from the fold have sought and found salvation in Jesus, and they have His own word that in the day that they sought Him with all their heart He would be found of them, and reckon thus they were not disappointed but found Him to the joy and satisfaction of their heart. One dear brother volunteered right out saying he was going to make a clean sweep of everything as he had done before by not giving everything fully up to God but had clung to his tobacco. He cried right out, "Lord, here it goes this time, clean my heart right out," and praise God his prayer was answered. He took out of his pockets of the dirty stuff, saying they would never, with God's help, touch it again. Last Sunday's holiness meeting God was with us in mighty power and showed us all the need there was of a power of living a life entirely hid with Christ in God. One sister in her testimony said, "I feel full right up to the throne with God," and it showed right through her face as it purely shone with joy. Oh, may we be filled all the time with just such peace and power! While we were on our knees renewing our covenant with God a dear soul that had been living in sin came and sought forgiveness for the past, and with us covenanted to obey God fully in the future. Oh, magnify the Lord with us, and let us exalt His name together for His wonderful works among the people of Drayton.

LIEUT. L. MAY.

Every parent, every child, everybody do something during Self-Denial Week.

Montreal and Quebec Division.

You Are Drifting!

BEDFORD.—We are able, through the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, to report victory on Israel's side. The last week has been the best for good meetings, full of power and conviction, and at the Major's visit three enrolled as soldiers, and one candidate for heaven, accepted by Jesus. Outpost meetings grand. Quite a few in tears last Friday, but did not yield. We have a glorious opportunity to work for God all round this neighborhood. The results since last report have been three souls saved, and all doing well, and bigger victories ahead. Do not fail to pray for this place.

CAPT. ARTHUR GOODWIN.

Hell is Real.

NORTH COATICOOKE.—Hallelujah! Well, at last we were reinforced by Cadet Findlay. We are going in hand in hand to defeat the devil and glorify God. We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Griffiths, and it did our hearts good to meet with him once again. Powerful meeting; no results seen, but believe good was done. Have had good meetings at both station and outpost. Two prodigals returned. Oh, may they be true to their words. Yours standing by the Cross.

CAPT. A. SEWELL.

God Hates Wrong Doing.

DANVILLE.—Praise the dear Lord, this morning finds us well saved and getting along grand in our own souls. Since Capt. has been gone for her rest we have felt our weakness very much, but we can say truly that God has been our helper. Soldiers and converts are getting along well, and two others came out and gave God their hearts. Others held up their hands.

LIEUT. SNELGROVE.

Life or Death—Which?

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Thank God this morning finds us blessedly saved, and by God helping us we mean victory. Blessed meetings all day yesterday (Sunday). We had with us the One-legged Prophet. Though he did prophesy there was going to be rain, thank God there was none, and so we had the brass band out for the first time. The boys were rather nervous, yet they did good service. God bless them! Great crowds of people came to hear the music, but we did not forget to deal with them about their souls. There was deep conviction, but they would not yield to the strivings of God's Spirit. May God bless and save the dear people of this place.

LIEUT. MAJOR GRUBB.

Sin Must Be Forsaken.

KNOWLTON.—Truly we can say the Lord has been good to us here the six months we have been here. The devil has been trying hard to keep us from getting the victory, but we have been trusting in a living God who never loses a battle, and warning the people faithfully, we have seen some of the results this week. On Tuesday night we had a nice meeting at the outpost, led by Staff-Capt Simcoe, and on Sunday night here the dear Lord did lay hold of the people. His power rested on them, and one dear brother volunteered out and gave himself up to the blessed Lord, and soon another came and confessed all his sins to the Lord, who sets free from sin. He set them free. Many others left knowing and feeling they ought to come. Saturday and Sunday had been announced for special meetings at Bolton Springs, and everybody was looking for a good time, and they were not disappointed. Oh, how our hearts did go out for that crowd, and the dear Lord helped the Staff and other officers to deal with them, and one dear woman came and gave herself up to the Lord, who set her free, and we left feeling sure there was a work done that we did not see. We close the week with three souls, and praying and believing for many more. We are yours, in for victory.

CAPT. ARTHUR JOHNS.

Come to Jesus.

COWANSVILLE.—The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our help. With Him we are able to conquer all things. I don't know where to begin to tell you of the good times we are having. Blessed meetings all week, but Sunday was the crowning time. We held grove meetings Sunday morning and afternoon. We were reinforced by the Bedford officers and soldiers. We all pitched in with one accord. The devil's kingdom trembled. The Old Fellow had to pull in his horns when he saw four of his best followers in the fountain, leaving 50 and 60 years of sin. It was a grand sight to behold. We felt like staying right on, but time would not allow us. The large mass of people left for their different homes. Happy Alice made for Bedford, Smith and her warriors for Cowansville. Yours to win.

CAPT. A. SMITH.

Are You Saved?

SHERBROOKE.—The work is rolling on here in Sherbrooke. Souls are coming to the Lord almost every week, feeling their need of a Saviour. A number of souls professed last week to have found peace. Soldiers are getting on well, keeping well saved, and our faith claims greater victories in the future.

CAPT. J. J. LENDSAY.

Woodstock Division.

Conscience Will Speak.

THAMESFORD.—Hallelujah! Once more victory has perched itself on the banner of the faithful few of this place. Yesterday some of our comrades were away, and the crowds were small, but our God is not confined to numbers, and one dear lad out of the few came to the cross at night. There was a real struggle at the penitent-form as well as before he came there, for Satan was very loth to let him go, but our Jesus was conqueror. Did he testify? Yes, bless God, in old, and this is what he said, "I am satisfied Jesus has taken my sins away, and I will be true to the end." God grant he may, and that many others may soon follow his example. Amen.

CAPT. WRIGHT.

The Coffin not the Finish.

OTTERVILLE.—This is proverbially a tough place, even to tough warriors like Salvationists, but the battle is being pushed on with indomitable energy and faithfulness by Capt. Peard and a small but courageous corps. The open air meetings at "the corner" where Satan's seat is, held on Saturday nights by torchlight are carried on with vigor, and draw large crowds of all kinds and characters, and the shot and shell are evidently taking effect. We have also watched proceedings in the barracks, and find they are coming in some heavy barrels of ammunition on soldiers' roll call and holiness nights. They evidently mean blasting and blowing up a second hell gate with Holy Ghost dynamite, so that all the vessels of Satan's merchandise may float into this port. Officers and soldiers seem firmly and lovingly united, and are daily expecting a decisive and general victory.

AN OUTSIDER.

Beyond the Grave. What?

FERGUS.—This Monday morning finds us all well saved and leaning on Jesus. Yesterday was a very good day to our souls, and at night as one young man gave his experience, the people were moved to tears, and some of them feel their own position, but are deluded by the devil and persuaded to remain as they are, in sin, until a more favorable opportunity, but it may never come. We had with us the Rev. Mr. Browley, who spoke in the spirit and gave the young good advice, and also gather a work was done for eternity. Thank God, our duty was done.

CAPT. HALLADAY.

Drifting to Certain Doom.

ST. THOMAS.—After nine months' fighting with the Ingersoll blood-and-fire warriors, we had to say "good-bye" and leave for St. Thomas. Arriving here we found a lot of loving hearts to welcome us. We fell right in love with the place and people, and are going in to do something for God and souls. We have had blessed meetings. Our first convert was a brother to our bandmaster, thank God, adding another to the list of bandsmen, to others lands of families, who are now able to testify to the power of God to save. Hallelujah. Another dear girl volunteered out on the Lord's side. Still they come. Another dear woman, with the dark weed of mourning on her, came weeping to her Saviour, and in a few moments could look and live. All glory to our Jesus, who lives to save. They are still coming slowly but surely. God will work and none can hinder. St. Thomas for Jesus.

CAPT. GREGO.

Condemned and Guilt.

GUELPH.—Since coming here, a month ago, God has been giving us good times. His power has been felt and His voice heard in our meetings, and we are determined to obey. Backsliders are coming home, and God is receiving them, and they are telling about it. We are commencing our camp meetings this week. Pray for us everybody.

CAPT. G. MALTBY.

Death is so Earnest.

GALT.—Praise God and the Lamb forever. I am so glad to report that Jesus still keeps me well saved, and although I have been alone this past three weeks, yet I can truly say Jesus has been as good as His promise, for He never has left me a moment. We have had blessed meetings. God has been very near to us, and souls have been saved. Hallelujah. One dear lad was so convicted of sin, and even left the meeting, but was forced by the convicting Spirit to ask us to pray for him, so down on our knees we went, and although it was not in our barracks, God heard his cry and saved his never-dying soul. Yesterday was a blessed day from knee-drill till close of the night meeting. One backslider at the close, making four since last report, three souls and one backslider. To God be all the glory for ever. We will fight and Christ shall reign.

CAPT. A. J. ROBERTS.

Kingston Division.

The Worst can be Saved.

ODESSA.—Although the devil has been raging in some hearts we soldiers are not discouraged, but more than ever determined to push the battle to the gate. Some poor men in this little village are letting the devil drag them down, down, down. How our hearts ache for them! Our prayer is that our dear comrades may go in with hearts full of love to win them for God.

Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all and cry in death—
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

CAPT. M. TONN.

None Need Perish.

CANIFTON.—We have had cause to rejoice here in seeing four souls seeking forgiveness through our Lord, and they not only sought but found Him to be the Lily of the Valley to their souls. God is doing us here and we are believing we shall reap if we faint not. Major was with us on Wednesday night and although seeing no visible results the seed was sown and we believe God will see about the increase.

CAPT. PATTON.

Chatham Division

The Cries of the Lost.

WINDSOR—Pen fails to describe the wonderful times we have had this week. The open-airs are grand, crowds are getting larger. As the soldiers testified the people listened, and we are sure much good will be done through them. On Saturday night one soul came out and on Sunday night a backslider came to God. He had been a soldier under our Commissioner in Wales but had wandered. Praise God, He took him back again. We are in for victory.

CAPT. A. MILLER.

Eternity! Eternity!!

THAMESVILLE—When the fight's hard we'll never give in. Hallelujah! Sunday's meetings good all day. Although the devil was raging yet we believe God was working on the hearts of the people. One poor man said, "There is lots of time for me to get saved." We told him there was salvation for him now, yet he rejected. We mean to fight on and never give in, and we are determined by the grace of God to have victory and bring them to Christ.

LIEUT. MARSHALL.

Drink Damns Mens Souls.

HIGHGATE—Glory to God, we can report victory this morning in our souls. Have just ended a week of holiness meetings which have been a great blessing to every soldier. We have had the joy of seeing some of the weak ones get on the whole armour of God. We "Highgaters" mean business for our King. I remain yours for the salvation of Highgate.

LIEUT. LIZZIE ADRIAN.

Awful Terror Awaits Sinners.

WOODSLEE—I called at a house while visiting the other day and said to the woman there, "God bless you, mother, are you saved?" "I'm saved as much as most of people." "Yes, but you know that kind of religion will not take you to heaven. Do you ever get into town to meeting?" "Yes, but when I do I go to the church. I don't like the Army, so I don't go near them and I don't want any of them around me." "Why don't you like them, mother? Did they ever do you any harm?" "No." "Well, why don't you like them?" "I have not time to talk just now." "Well I love you, mother; that's why I came to see you." "No you don't, you never saw me before." "But God has put this love into my heart and I love everybody, even my enemies." Well I have enemies that are dead thirty and forty years, and I hate them and will to my dying day." "Oh, that is terrible, if you don't forgive you can't be forgiven." "I forgive them but I forget." "No you don't." "Buy a WAR CRY?" "No, I have my Bible to read." "I suppose you would not read one if I gave it to you?" "No. My parents belong to a certain church (Protestant) and that is where I go. I want nothing to do with the Salvation Army." "Oh, but you must not have that prejudice in your heart if you get to heaven; the Salvation Army is going to be there, and we read there is nothing but love there. Can I pray with you?" "No. I don't want to be bothered." "God bless you, I will pray for you anyway." I left her a CRY and came away, praying God would show her her blindness, and that creed or denomination will not save her. Oh, if any one should read this who is trusting to denomination to save them, I pray God may show you that nothing but the blood of Jesus applied to your heart will ever fit you for heaven.

CAPT. A. HIGGINS.

Photos!! Photos!!!

The COMMISSIONER will soon be gone, but You can "Secure one of his Photos," Cabinet size, for the small sum of 10 cents.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you do it!" during Self-Denial Week.

OVER JORDAN.

A Beamsville Friend Gone.

Death has again visited the little village of Beamsville. Since you last heard from us he has taken dear Bro. Thomas James to himself. Although he was not an Army soldier he was a true soldier of the Cross of Christ and a true friend to the Army. Many a time when we called at his home feeling downhearted he would always have a cheering word and would tell us to go right on for we had a great work to do. We are determind to live for God and meet our dear brother in heaven. Dear readers "be ye also ready, for the Son of Man cometh at such an hour when ye think not." Capt. A. Grainger.

Another Sister Glorified.

They are gathering home. Sister Veal of Exeter corps has just been promoted to glory; her happy spirit took its flight to be forever with the Lord on July 27th. For some time before her death she was sickly, until at last that dreadful disease consumption took hold of her and she grew worse and worse until God called her home. From time to time as we visited her she always seemed so happy, and as we would speak to her about her soul she would say, "It is all right, I will soon be there." When well enough to go out she was always at her post. It did not matter what people might say about her, her whole being seemed to go out after perishing souls. At times when the streets would be muddy she would be there, and people would say it was too much for her bodily strength; but on she went, regardless of what people would say of her. Her object was precious souls, but now her work is done, and she has gone home to receive her crown and to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, where there is no more pain nor sickness nor dying. While on her death-bed she suffered a great deal, but her sufferings are all over now. A few moments before she died she said, "They are coming for me," and shortly afterwards passed away to be forever with the Lord. She fought the good fight and has gone home to receive her reward and we feel more like going on and being faithful so as to meet our dear sister in heaven, and as the poet says, "O'er the battlements of glory shining ones are looking down," and we can almost hear her saying, "See that no one takes thy crown," for we believe our dear comrade who has just been taken from us is a shining one now, and as her body was taken through the streets to the cemetery, we believe many a heart was touched and was led to think of eternity. Although dead we believe she still speaks. We mean to be true and meet her in in heaven.

Capt. M. Crosby.

A Baby Angel.

Little Ballington, infant son of brother and sister Lazarus, is in heaven. True, he was just in the bud and was the joy of the home, but the all-wise God wanted him among the ransomed ones. The parents freely said, "Not my will but Thine be done, O Lord." As we laid him away we consecrated ourselves afresh to God. We are still fighting away. Since last report two have put their all upon the altar, taking a firmer hold of God, and we are determined to have the victory and God shall have the glory. Capt. Cowan.

Amherstburg.

Death Visits South Woodslee

Again the death angel has visited this place and our dear sister, Kate Weaver, has been called home. She had been a sufferer for some time from that dreadful disease consumption and death was a happy release. I had the privilege of visiting her about a month before her death and found her still unprepared, without a hope of heaven. I dealt with her about her soul, and while pleading with her she was moved to tears of repentance. She sought God, but the devil seemed to be doing his best to keep her from grasping Christ by faith as her personal Saviour; but as I continued dealing with her she seemed to trust Him more fully. I visited her again and found her still seeking God, but she did not seem to be sure of her acceptance with Him. I said to her, "If God should raise you up again (for she had hopes of getting better) what would you do?" She said, "Oh, I would live such a different life." She was also visited by some Methodist friends and some of the S. A. soldiers from Essex Centre who held meetings at the house, and during these meetings herself and also her father and mother found the Saviour. Just before she died she prayed that if it was His will God would take her out of her pain. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Gundy, of Essex Centre, from 1st Cor., 15th chap., 56-57. Sinner, prepare to meet thy God; soon your turn will come. Don't wait until laid upon a sick bed, but give God your heart now, live right, and when death comes you will be able to say "Oh, death, where is thy sting? oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

Capt. Annie Hibbard.

From Listowel to Glory.

Death has again visited this corps and taken from its ranks our dear sister, Mrs. Bescoby. She was one of the first soldiers in this corps and always lived out what she professed. About two years and a-half ago God saw fit to lay the hand of affliction on her, and in that time she suffered more than human tongue can tell, and through it all she was never known to grumble or think God unkind, but was able to say, "Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done." Every time I visited her she was always able to report that Jesus was very precious to her soul. On the 24th of July we went to see her, and though she was not able to talk very much, when a chapter was read and as we sang to her, every once and a while she would exclaim, "Praise God!" Almost the last words she said to us were, "I am just waiting upon the Lord." We did not think that she was going to leave this world so soon, but on the following evening we heard that between two and three the precious Saviour, whom she was waiting on, came, and she passed away to be with Him forever more. Her wish was to have a real Army funeral, and so it was, and on Saturday the soldiers turned out well to follow the remains of our sister to the grave. God met with us in the service at the house, and stood by us all, and as we sang, "I've left the land of death and sin," God seemed to grip hold of the people and we believe many felt their need of a Saviour. We read part of the seventh chapter of Revelation, and as the comrades spoke of our sister's life tears were seen to run down many cheeks. She was then followed to the grave, thirty-seven on march. At the grave God again spoke to the people. On Sunday night we had a memorial service. We commenced at seven in the morning and wound up at twenty-five minutes to twelve at night. We had big marches, wonderful meetings, closed rejoicing over four souls and more determined to live for God so as to meet our sister in heaven.

Capt. J. A. Brokenshire.

Now Ready, Splendid

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS

— of the —

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

Separate pictures—1 figure, extra large, 8x10 inches. 50 Cents each.

"THE BAND"

—: of the :—

Canadian H. Troops.

MAKING THINGS "SIT UP."

By One of the Boys.

"Hamilton," cries out the conductor as we were steaming into the depot. On the platform we found D. O. Sweetman and others, who gave us a right royal welcome.

* *

This was the first day of the Great Carnival here. I tell you they know how to decorate their city, do these Hamiltonians. Mottoes of "Welcome," etc., were to be seen on every hand. The streets were just beautiful.

* *

Arriving at the barracks we found a nice motto, "Welcome to the band boys," and also another, "The band boys give you a welcome." I tell you it was just cheering.

* *

We were also pleased to see Staff-Capt. Banks, who gave us a help in the afternoon holiness meetings. God was very near us.

* *

We made things hum on the march at night. The band of the corps came out too. God bless them. They play very good.

* *

A very nice crowd gathered for the musical festival at night. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and to use the words of one of the local papers, "The friends as usual" gave donations towards the Drunken Womens' Home.

* *

We enjoyed the ride to Dundas next day on the renowned "Dummy," as they call it round here. I forgot to tell you that just before we left Hamilton, an old gentleman was so delighted with the music that he took up a collection for us. God bless him.

* *

Our afternoon meetings here were a lively time. Some good singing was given by the sisters. They enjoyed themselves immense.

* *

We were also cheered by a post card from Capt. Lock, Niagara-on-the-Lake, telling us that the people were delighted, and that the convert was coming out grand. It means something to get saved there. The best was, he had never been saved before.

* *

The boys are getting broke in nicely. Any place we strike, if there is any water near, they are to be found going early in the morning for a swim, to the astonishment of the natives.

* *

While they strive to keep the body clean, we believe they pay strict attention to the soul as well.

* *

We realized that the S.A. was going "up, up, up," in more ways than one, as we had to climb 97 steps to the station on our way to Brantford.

* *

We entered Brantford just before dinner. As we were getting our billets in walked the Chief of Police for two of the boys, and "our Bob" and "Alexander" had to go. Of course the people looked as he marched them down the street, but they fared sumptuously after all. God bless the Chief.

* *

The following is taken from one of the local papers:

"Salvation Army—The Canadian Household Troops' Brass Band created a highly favorable impression in Brantford, and some hundreds of citizens listened to several very finely rendered pieces on the market square last evening. The concert in the barracks was a great success." But best of all at this concert five souls were found at the mercy seat. That's the music the boys like to hear.

* *

One prodigal tried to leave the barracks, but while singing "There's a welcome Home," he threw down his hat and shouted out, "If there's a welcome, I'll have it," and out he came.

* * *

We no sooner asked for donations here than one gentleman held up his hand and gave five dollars. Praise God.

* * *

Scotty and Frank are always on the look out, and Scotty in the best English he can speak often cries out, "Thank you, lady."

* * *

An old lady was among the penitents here, and she testified she had given up her pipe and tobacco, and sins tho, I hope.

* * *

Our next place was Simcoe. We found Capt. Wiseman all ready for us. Good crowd at the afternoon meetings.

* * *

The Captain's faith ran high, so he had engaged the rink for the night. A good crowd came and enjoyed themselves, also one soul came to Jesus.

* * *

Tilsonburg was properly roused when we marched in there. The streets, or main street, was lined with people.

* * *

We all had a taste of the sulphur water that always runs with a ceaseless flow. You ought to have seen the faces of the boys. Of course James Malony was used to it, and the effect was not so great.

* * *

God blessed and owned our labors here by giving us two souls. Praise Him.

* * *

We arrived at St. Thomas next day about 2 p.m. with keen appetites, and no doubt justice was done at each table that day.

* * *

We were glad to welcome our new friend, the big drum, here. Baker was all smiles, as he gave it a friendly whack, just to try it, but she stood the test.

* * *

At night we were pleased to see Major Morris, also Capt. Temple, who had come to see and hear, and if I'm any judge of faces, the Major enjoyed himself.

* * *

Sunday here was good in every way; splendid crowds. The people here are fond of good music and singing.

* * *

As we wound up at night, we found four souls had been out for the day. One lady promised Staff-Capt. McHardy she would get saved that night, and at the close she volunteered out in front of all the people. God met with her, and soon she was able to rejoice in Christ as her Saviour.

* * *

All the boys are nicely saved and living for God.

TO BANDSMEN.

WANTED! WANTED!!

NOW'S YOUR TIME!

More Bandsmen for the Canadian Household Troops' wanted, who can play well and read Music at sight. A grand opportunity, and field for labor for young men who want to devote their life and talent to God and His work.

Apply to the Commissioner, stating age and other particulars, marking the envelope, "Household Troops."

There will be over 200 drums on the Marches in Toronto during the Commissioner's Farewell Meetings.

If Enoch could walk with God three hundred years, cannot we walk with God during the little time we are to stay upon the earth? Shall we faint during our little day of trial in the presence of such an example?

Four Thoughts.—1. Delivery from sin is possible. 2. Delivery from sin is reasonable. 3. Delivery from sin Scriptural. 4. Delivery from sin is experimental.

Teaching men morals is as though I had a clock that would not go, and I turned around one of the cog-wheels. But faith takes the key and winds up the main-spring, and the whole thing runs on readily.

"Do right and, although your neighbors may scorn and avoid you to-day, in the end you will find the whole world, nature, and God, on your side. Truth is the central sun of the universe. Be truth yourself."

Consecration.—I am willing to receive what Thou givest, to lack what Thou withholdest, to relinquish what Thou takest, to suffer what Thou inflictest, to be what Thou requirest, to do what Thou commandest.

It is true that the form and profession of godliness are kept up without the life and power of godliness. But it is equally true that the life and power of godliness will not long exist without the form and profession of it. A body will as readily live without a soul, as the life and power of godliness without the form and profession. Cease to profess, and in a brief time you will have nothing to profess.

Trust. A few nights since, two little boys were lying together in their trundle-bed. Willie, the eldest of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night, very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon this, his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him, and said, "God is right here, Willie! God is right here! You needn't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed, all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

The "War Cry" has become an excellent publication. I am proud of it, and I love to push it, and I do my best with it. So far at this corps each week every copy has been sold, thank God.

Extract from a N. T. B. Boy's letter:—"I am glad I came here. I never loved the Army half as much as I do now, especially since we've seen a little of its inner workings. Where I am now I see nothing but holiness lived as well as taught. I never was more determined to live and die in the S. A. than I am now. I am learning some wonderful lessons here—that is, spiritually—and see more than ever the need of living every day for God. I am going forth in God's strength to win souls for the Kingdom."

Said a backslider at the penitent form to the Lieut. who was dealing with him: "When I got saved and became a soldier, people laughed and called me a fool, but when I backslid they laughed still more, and called me a still bigger fool. Moral—It's best not to backslide under any consideration."

Mr. Editor,—You asked any one for a plan for enlarging the circulation of the "War Cry." I read the "War Cry" every week, but did not at one time, for it was not offered to me; and to be just, it was not as interesting a paper then as it is now. I came to this town from a place where there was neither Army nor "War Cry" to be seen, a year and a half ago. I saw the Army with about six or eight soldiers march every evening, for I lived on the main street, but felt no interest one way or the other.

* * *

After a few weeks the officers called with a "War Cry." I bought one. Some time after they called again. My little boy was very sick at the time, and I did not see them, and I had no change convenient, and did not take a "Cry," and that was the last I saw of the officers for six months. I often think now, since I have learned to love the Army and "War Cry" so well, if the officers had only persisted and *continued to persist*, how much sooner they would have had my assistance; and how much sooner I would have had theirs, for the officers in small places have much need of friends.

* * *

My way of improving the sale of the "War Cry" in a small place like this would be to offer it in every home that time would allow to visit, and continue to do so in every place where there would be the smallest chance of winning the people over, even though you fail to sell one the first, second or third time, for the Army and "War Cry" are one, and it is impossible to read the "War Cry" without feeling a great desire for the salvation of souls and an interest in the doings and progress of the great S. A.

[The Editor shouts "Amen."]

* * *

At a review of a certain Sunday School, not far from the pretty little town of L——, where there is a corps of the S. A., an aged Christian gentleman was asked to pray, which he did, and quite eloquently too, but he smoked! A young lad said, "Mr. M—— made a great prayer, but he wasn't over the door step till he was lighting his pipe." By this, I notice, he lost the influence for good he might have had.

* * *

Capt. Stoeton said he had been saved seven years, four of which had been spent on the battlefield, and the more he saw of the S. A. the more he loved it, and was convinced it was of God. After meeting, although unwell, he could not help dancing a jig around the organ stool to the tune of "We're marching on to war." O—— is a place of about 600 inhabitants, with seven churches, including the S. A., with an average of about twenty-three meetings a week. The writer has stood on the street corner and heard four different denominations preaching the Gospel at the same time.

Staff-Capt. Banks Visits Hamilton II.

This corps has for a barracks an old feed store, not a very elegant looking place, but it seemed to me to be a proper "glory shop."

The officers and soldiers I found in splendid fighting spirit. The free-and-easy Saturday night was of the right sort everyone seemed very glad they ever came to Jesus, including the brother who got saved "right down there," a spot not very far away from the platform.

About 30 met next morning for knee-drill, and in this meeting God gave the assurance of victory. At the close of the holiness meeting three came for cleansing.

The afternoon meeting was one of special power. During the meeting an opportunity was given for those to stand who felt convinced God had called them to leave home and friends to fight for Him as officers in the S. A. Three sisters stood and told how they felt God wanted them in the fight, and at the close two others came to the penitent form to settle the same matter with God.

At night the heat was intense, but the Lord helped us, and at the close two came to the sin-cleansing fountain. I noticed the Hamilton people are very good to their officers. I also noticed there are several lasses who I feel convinced should be in the fight. Hurry up girls there is room in the T. H. Count the cost, settle it that God wants you and send in your application. Staff-Capt. Banks.

Look out! Self-Denial Week October next.

I am able and willing to deny myself to extend God's Kingdom during Self-Denial Week.

Our Observatory.

The Observer is still alive and well saved.

True, you have seen very small accounts of his recent observations, but, of course, his eyes have been wide open, and he has seen a few things, and he finds it far better to be a spiritual observer than a spiritual loafer or hireling. By-the-bye, will you take a peep at "Army Hirelings" in this present issue? It may do you good.

* * *

If you want to know a little about Colonel Adams, will you very closely observe the London Letter in this week's "Cry?"

* * *

"In service which thy love appoints, there are no bonds for me." That's a good observation. I saw it in an old song book, and thought how good it was to constantly live in that spirit. The observer would like to know why it is that so many people who profess such a high state of grace and sanctification can rest content with a jog trot kind of service. Perhaps it's the hot weather.

* * *

Quite a number of pithy little articles are coming in for the "Little Soldier." This is a good outlook, and will suit the little ones, no doubt. I observe there is to be appointed a staff officer to take complete charge of the "Childrens' War," so things will soon begin to boom in this line, and we are praying for great things among the boys and girls. However, this is merely an observation.

* * *

Taking a glance at the Report pages of the "Cry," I see there are lots of striking headings of warning and mercy to the sinner. This is a good idea. Possibly these may be the very means of many conversions—that is, if they are observed and taken to heart.

* * *

I recently observed a very small company of soldiers kneeling on the street corner of one of our big cities. The Captain was praying. As he was about to say "Amen," a tall gentleman pitched a dollar piece down where he knelt, and when the Captain rose to his feet a quarter was put into his hand by another man. Surely the people trust the Army yet through evil and good report. Not a word had been said about a collection. How good God is! Praise His dear name for ever.

* * *

I observe there is a call for drums and colors on the occasion of the Commissioner's farewell. My! what an observation it will be for the Toronto citizens, when they see five hundred officers alone, without the hundreds of rank and file, marching down the streets of the Queen City, and then the clash of those two hundred drums, and the waving of those two hundred colors. Well! it will be good. What's the *news?* what's the *news?* will be the cry. Well, you'd better come and take part in it.

* * *

"Headquarters' Happenings" took a back seat last week, not that there were no happenings to record, oh! no, no, but for the simple reason that our friend, "one in it," failed to give us a few observations through lack of time, no doubt. However, it takes its place this week as usual, under the picture of the Temple. Read it!

* *

Did you observe the General's letter re "Self-Denial Week" in the last two Crys? Have you decided to deny yourself, or will you during that week sing "Were the whole realm of nature mine," and not for India's sake part with any little luxury you may be indulging in? Perhaps you have never realized the blessing which comes from an act of self-denial. If so, by all means do something during this week, and God will bless you for it.

Happy George Manton made a good observation a few mornings ago in our Staff knee-drill. "I live in the Holy of Holies," said George, giving a jig as he said this. Thank God for the rent veil. Praise God for the Bleeding Victim who rent it. Hallelujah for the thousands who have entered in and abide there, but what about the millions outside? Brother, you are your brother's keeper. Sister, you are your sister's keeper. Wake up and observe this and do something for God.

* * *

"For salary or souls?" If you come into the Army for the former the latter will fare very badly, but if you have become an officer to save souls, you will find that God will look out for the pecuniary part of the business. In my many observations I have noticed that some officers go about this divine work in a very human, careless way, as if it were loaves and fishes they were after. The Judgment Throne will reveal lots of awful mysteries, which we cannot now solve. Look out, comrades!

* *

Did you observe all the interesting things which took place at your station last week. If you did, why not give the world the benefit of them. This is what the "War Cry" is printed for. Lots of pithy, striking facts could be sent by you, and we must make the "Cry" a sound, live, attractive, soul-saving paper. Oh, ye talented ones! how much longer will you bury this talent of writing? Do rouse up and send something.

* * *

A great observation this, and a true one. Lots of candidates say one thing on their form when desiring to enter the field as officers, and after they receive their commission they wish to do something contrary to all their vows. This is terrible and should be altered. A word to all intending candidates, which I trust they will observe:—"Don't either by lip or pen promise God what you don't intend to carry out." This is a great sin. Beware!

* * *

This is an American observation:—"Yes, Staff-Capt. Buttercup, to be candid with you, I have felt for a long time that I should offer myself for the field as an officer, but the proverb says 'be sure you're right then go ahead,' and my long delay has been caused by a desire to be in the right place." "But, see here, Brother Slowboy, if you are sixty years looking for the right place, you will probably never find it on this side of the grave; however, there is not the slightest doubt, but you will be in the 'right place' at last, when God casts you into outer darkness along with other unprofitable servants."

Read Deuteronomy xxviii, and look well into it. See who are the blessed and who are the cursed. Which side of the line are you?

Observer.

The Canadian Household Troops' Band,

(in charge of STAFF-CAPT. McHARDY)

Will visit the following places on their First Tour:

ORANGEVILLE, ...	Sept.	7, 8
SHELBURNE, ...	"	9
ALLISTON, ...	"	10
BEETON, ...	"	11
BRADFORD, ...	"	12
AURORA, ...	"	13

Every parent, every child, everybody do something during Self-Denial Week.

BEWARE OF

A woman giving the name of Mrs. Hoywood, better known in Toronto and elsewhere as Mrs. Polly Bates. Wears spectacles, age about 30; is an accomplished liar and thief. Wanted at Toronto, Orillia, Woodstock and elsewhere for stealing. Professes to get saved and thus win confidence. BEWARE. If she comes to your corps hand her over to the police and write Staff-Capt. Baugh, Woodstock, and Major Glover, Toronto.

T. H. Divison.

God Knows Every Secret.

BRANTFORD.—Oh, here is Saturday again. How quick the days do fly. Well, off I go with the dear old "War Cry" again. Praise God for the privilege of going, and it was my turn on the hotels this week, and as I went from one to another the Lord did bless me wonderful. Got the victory in one place where the hotel mistress had told us not to go in again. We went again and sold one "Cry." Praise God for that. I am the Lord's and victory is mine for ever. CADET A. M. RALPH.

God On Your Track.

LITTLE YORK.—Since coming to Little York we have had the pleasure of seeing some souls weep their way to Calvary. Glory to His name. Although the fight is real hard, God is fighting our battles for us all the time. As long as we trust Him we are sure of victory. The devil is real mad with us lads, but God is almighty. While I was away to camp Cadet had to march alone one night, and the devil got so mad that he ran up and kicked a hole through the drum head. Just like the devil, he is afraid of two or three, but when one is alone he will take the chance while he has got it. But God can overtake the devil. He will get caught some of these days. You had better take care, Old Devil. God is on your track. The devil has got a strong hold on Little York, but by God's help he will have to leave some poor heart. Every one pray for Little York and God will give us victory.

CAPT. S. F. WARDER.

Sinners, Turn or Burn!

EGLINTON.—Our meetings are getting better all the time. Saturday night Cadet and I marched out alone and carried the big drum, and God did wonderfully bless us, and quite a crowd came in to the meeting. Then on Sunday we had some soldiers from Lippincott St. corps to help us all day, and we had a blessed time. At night, as we held an open-air on the corner, a large crowd gathered round to hear us, as we told them the story of the cross. Then inside we had a good time, and although none yielded we feel sure God was glorified, and we are in for victory. Everybody pray for Eglinton.

CAPT. M. WATSON.

Why Will You Die?

THE TEMPLE.—After having our Sunday at camp, it came our turn to come home for one Sunday, so as good soldiers we cheerfully obeyed. On Saturday night Capt. McGillivray, of Headquarters' Staff, led off. Talk about being original (the band being off to camp left us without a drumstick), so Capt. coaxed a piece of broomstick from a little boy and cut a notch in it and tied his handkerchief around it as he went along; also the drum was borrowed from the T. H. for Sunday, and it had a hole in one head, but through it all God's Holy Spirit did wonderful work. Hallelujah! It was good to be there. At knee-drill we came to the conclusion that it was nothing to God to help with many or few, so we depended upon His help, and we got it. Glory be to God. Holiness meeting was a time when God did speak. None would yield. Afternoon, after a good rousing march and open-air, we came in, and a good number of people followed us. Oh, what liberty and power God did give the soldiers and all who took part to tell of His salvation. One dear man, who had once been a soldier and who had thought it was a little hard to obey God on one point and went back to his sinful ways, went to the North-West, where through sin and drink he lost both feet and now has to walk on his knees, told us how God took him back two weeks ago in the Temple. How the devil professes to be our friend, and when he gets us going on in his ways then tries to cast us down and destroy us. The devil's love is cold. Sunday night God spoke loudly. One backslider came back and promised to go all the way for God, so we closed for the day, giving God all the glory. Yours to win,

CADETS MALYON AND HOUSTON.

All Hell Awaits You!

LISGAR ST.—I thought I could not occupy my time better than in writing a few lines to the dear old "Cry." Having the privilege of visiting a corps in the city and seeing old faces again, it does one's heart good to see how in earnest the officers and soldiers are for dying souls. God bless them and may their work be successful. A soldier said that some people think our God is a rag doll, but I tell you He is a real God. Hallelujah! The devil does try very hard sometimes to get the victory, but Sunday night he was defeated, for our God gave us three souls. May God keep them true and bring many more to His feet. God bless the fighters at Lisgar. Amen. LIEUT. O——.

Dare You Reject Mercy?

BRANTFORD OUTPOSTS.—Another week has passed away, and still a lot of people are saying "not to-night." Men and women sit in their seats with conviction stamped on their faces; still they will not yield. My prayer is that the Lord will make them feel the burden of sin more than ever, and we are still trusting in God. He who has led us to victory in the past will most surely continue to do so as long as we put all our trust in Him.

CADET SULLIVAN.

The Reckoning Day.

ST. JOHN III.—This morning we can report victory in our own souls. Last night God came in power in our meeting, and one lad came to Jesus, and we believe got well saved. Praise God for ever! Two others volunteered to the penitent form, but they proved to be partly intoxicated. We are determined to continue to hold up a delivering Saviour to drunkards and all kinds of sinners.

CADET A. G. DAVIES.

Ottawa Division.

The Wages of Sin.

CHESTERVILLE.—Thank God this last week has been one of victory. We have indeed proved that God can work and none can hinder. Bless His dear name. We are having good meetings, good crowds, good order and deep conviction. We can say "No, we never will give in until every sinner in this little town is brought to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus." We close the week with four souls in the fountain, and the old devil defeated. To God be all the glory.

LIEUT. McCOC.

Ruination is Rife.

CARLETON PLACE.—Glad this morning we are able to shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." We are not dead here in Carleton Place, as some may think, but alive, and the devil knows it too. Since last report we have had some blessed times. Things are going with a swing. The soldiers are all alive for souls, and sinners are coming to Jesus. Converts are all growing in their souls, and the Christians getting jolly-happy, and I am as usual, Common John, plodding on.

CAPT. JOHN B. McGUINNESS.

Hopeless Lives.

MAXVILLE.—While we were at our outpost three weeks ago Thursday, a man came in the barracks after the meeting and said he wanted to give us a cent. We told him of the love of Jesus and prayed with him, but he seemed a hopeless case. Two weeks ago Thursday, when we went to our outpost, we found the man ready to go on the march with us. As he was going to his home in the country a few nights before, the spirit of God took hold of him and he cried to God for to save him, and he was not cast out; also his wife has got properly saved. Since last report, altogether we have had three souls, two backsliders, and two for holiness.

CAPT. WILLIE BEST.

What About the Cemetery?

PEMBROKE.—In many ways does the Evil One try to hinder our spiritual progress in the divine life, but we have proved that promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be," and we feel, with all our weakness leaning on His might, all is bright. Our meetings are just grand. While inviting the people in the open-air down to the wee bake shop, one of the devil's agents said "Yes, you are all doughheads there." Our hearts did bound for joy that the 187th corps was counted worthy to be called fools for the Master's sake. Go in, my precious comrades, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the good things God has in store for His children. Hallelujah! One soul for the week, three for purity. Amen.

GRACIE McKENZIE.

Save, or I Parish.

MORRISBURG.—We are glad to report victory on Israel's side these past three weeks. God is working in the hearts of the people here. We had Major Spooner and Adjt. Sharp with us a week ago Sunday, and God did wonderfully help them to put the plain truth before the people, and one dear sister yielded, and at the holiness meeting there was a good work done for eternity. In the afternoon, Major gave us some very interesting news about the work of the Army in other places, and at night we had a grand time. We finished the day with a wind-up, and went home tired in body but happy. Then on Monday night we had a grand conversion of a poor man who had no abiding place here, who found a friend in Jesus, and on Tuesday, while visiting, one dear old sister over fifty gave her heart to God. We prayed and then she prayed, but did not get peace till singing on our knees, "Take me as I am, here, Lord, I give myself to Thee, take me as I am." She jumped up clapping her hands, and said, "Oh, He has taken me in," and ran and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, and said, "Oh, I am so glad you come, for now I have got what I have been seeking for for years. To God be all the glory." This dear old woman is as happy as the day is long. Yesterday (Sunday) was a good day to our souls. One poor, miserable backslider came home at knee-drill, and another at holiness meeting, and in the afternoon, while singing the first song, it broke a poor backslider's heart, and he came right out while singing, and God took him in. He had backslidden through using tobacco. Many say there is no harm in it, but God's word says, "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord." Tobacco is a filthy, dirty habit, and God's children cannot use it and retain justification. Oh, may God help us to be holy, and show to the world there is salvation from sin. Amen. CAPT. LAING.

Sin is Death's Sting.

CORNWALL.—Victory! Victory! Victory! Hallelujah! Our God is true to His promises. This morning our hearts are made to rejoice in the saving power of God. On Monday night we had with us Major Spooner and Adjt. Sharp to commission eleven sergeants. We had a blessed time. One soul sought the Saviour, and on Tuesday morning one dear woman came weeping to the cross, and wanted to get saved, and just like Jesus, He did the work. Since then we have seen five souls seek the Saviour, and two prodigals returned home. Blessed be God forever. More than ever the people are proving here that the way of a transgressor is hard. Holy lives do tell on the sinner. Our motto, "The world for God."

CAPT. MAY WATSON.

Sin's Strong Chains.

INKERMAN. (West Winchester outpost.) This is a small village in a nice little spot. The devil is quite strong here. We're pegging away at him in the strength and power of God, and he hits back in the shape of mud and water. Pray for Inkerman. CADET F. McKENZIE.

Sin Damns Soul and Body.

WEST WINCHESTER.—We can still report victory. God is wonderfully blessing us. We closed the week with ten for cleansing and two for pardon. Everybody is getting fixed up. "No, we never, never, never will give in, for we mean to have the victory forever."

CAPT. FLETCHER GIBSON.

Drifting, Drifting, Drifting!

ATHENS.—Our story is that we are still praising our Saviour all the day long. Jesus is our helper. He helps us daily to live for His glory. God is with us. The soldiers are getting nearer to God. Sinners, one by one, are coming to the foot of the cross, proving Jesus to be a precious Saviour. God is taking hold of the drunkards, and before long we believe to see them saved. We are only a small band, but determined to conquer, and win the people of this place for God. Christ shall reign. CAPT. IDA BROADBENT.

Life is Slender.

ALMONTE.—Everything at this corps looks beautifully healthy, so far as spiritual life is concerned. Glory to God. Real salvation times all along, with a few souls saved and everybody blessed and shouting happy. Jesus is with us. That's the secret. Hallelujah. Twenty saved, singing, salvation soldiers on the march on Sunday. Look out, Old Dubby, we are on your track. God leads, we follow and win. CAPT. R. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Barrie Division.

The Devil Wants You

BEETON.—Dear WAR CRY, we are very glad to tell you we are still marching on in the strength of the King. We have our whole trust in the never-failing Friend. Thank God for the victory over sin and the devil. Saturday while selling WAR CRYS we went to the house of a minister to sell a CRY; his reverence was disgusted and closed the door in my face. Had a blessed time to my soul while visiting some of those who are very near the pearly gates, God bless them! Had a good day yesterday with one prodigal coming back to her Saviour.

CAPT. CARAHER.

The Last Trump.

HUNTSVILLE.—No doubt the many readers of the WAR CRY would like to know how the war is progressing in the north. We are having some very good times. There is a very funny devil here, but thus far our God has been sufficient, there has been one or two backsliders reclaimed and some few have been out seeking holiness of late. There are people here who would come out very easy with a little moral persuasion, old hands at it, but your humble servant believes in getting people to feel their sin and guilt and to realize their need of a Saviour. We are praying and working for this end so look out for further reports. Pray for us. Yours, pushing the claims of the Gospel,

CAPT. T. E. BAKER.

An Awful Day Coming.

COLLINGWOOD.—Since our last report we have had the pleasure of seeing two souls at the mercy seat. One had been a drunkard, and the other had once loved to serve the Lord, but grew cold and wandered far away from Him. But our Lord is no respecter of persons, those that come to Him with a humble and contrite heart he will never despise, praise His name. When we consider His great love and mercy well we might say with the Psalmist, "What is man that Thou art mindful of Him and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor." Hallelujah! One with the Lord, oh, 'tis glorious to know.

LIEUT. W. McDOUGALL.

Toronto Division.

Escape the Awful Sentence.

SUTTON.—God is giving us the victory. Some straight dealing brought five out for a clean heart in the soldiers' meeting. We had a good time at our outpost, Egypt, when three of the Egyptians turned to serve the God of Israel and one came out for holiness at the same meeting, and in our Sunday morning holiness meeting four more came for cleansing. Lively times on Sunday. Sanctified soldiers can do a lot.

LOGAN AND COCKERILL.

Hasten, Sinner.

STOUFFVILLE—We are still living for God and doing what we can to pull down the devil's kingdom. The devil has got some of his followers to do some of his work by writing to the landlord where we meet together to hold our little meetings, saying "That the Salvation Army is a nuisance to the village and that they are disgracing the place." Well, we mean to be a nuisance to the devil, and our prayer is that God will save them. Pray for Stouffville, as it is needed very much.

CAPT. M. WALE.

Dying in Trespasses.

SHELBURNE—I am glad to say that God is doing a work here. During the past few weeks the power of God has been moving things nicely. Christians who have been somewhat tied down have stepped into liberty. The converts along with the captain have got more free, and by so doing we have been better able to teach transgressors the way of God, and sinners have been converted unto Him.

CAPT. MUDGE.

Hamilton Division.

DUNDAS.

The Loss of the Soul!

To serve the Lord is our delight,
We have the armour on:
We'll fight, we'll fight, we'll fight, we'll fight.
Till we receive the crown.

God is helping us, you know,
To warn the sinners faithfully;
The gospel trumpet still we blow
And tell them of their danger.

Some seem to be quite satisfied
While living in their sins,
But ere they cross death's chilling tide
If they're not saved, their hell begins.

Now the best advice that I can give,
To you, my dying sinner friend,
Is to come to Christ and live,
Your pleasures then shall never end.

CAPT. F. YERKX.

Eternal Destinies at Stake.

WATERFORD.—It is some time now since you heard from us, but we are still blessedly saved and doing all we can to save others. The battle here is a hard one, but God who is for us is more than all who are against us and we can only lean upon His almighty arm and trust Him for victory. Our comrades seem to be more in earnest for God, and with united faith in God victory will be sure. Yours at the Cross.

CAPT. OARGILL.

Awake Thou Sleeper.

THOROLD—"They that trust in the Lord shall be a Mount Zion which cannot be moved. As the mountains are around about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about His people." Bless God, this morning His word cannot fail. When friends all forsake us and foes all unite Jesus never leaves, and although the people seem to treat the message with indifference, Jesus is helping me to faithfully deliver it and leave the results with Him. His word cannot fail. Praise Him. Yours to live or die at my post.

CAPT. S. TINNEY.

The Grave! The Tomb!

PORT BOWAN—Another week of victory, truly God is with us. Interest good, collections good, and souls, which is best of all. We held our Sunday afternoon meeting in the woods at the Centre. We are enabled in this way to reach a class of people that never come to our barracks. Oh, such a crowd of hungry souls dying for the want of Jesus. As we looked upon them it reminded us of the Saviour when He beheld Jerusalem and wept. God came upon the camp in power. A girl fainted away in the meeting which made it more impressive. At the close a young girl came crying aloud to the Saviour. Never saw a clearer conversion, and then another sought Jesus. After praying for an hour with her we left her with God believing He will bring her through.

CAPT. WILL HEWITT.

Sin, Death, Judgment.

OHSWEKEN—Well, to tell the truth, we have been having some good, heavy, spiritual times since our last report, and as we have been preaching the gospel and telling the story of the Cross, and the power of God to save, one poor sin-sick soul volunteered out for salvation. We pray that God will make him a good soldier in every sense of the word. Many others sat under deep conviction but would not yield. May the Lord deepen the conviction, and may He lead us into deeper spiritual things for the sake of His Son Jesus and our own happiness.

LIEUT. PERRY.

Peterboro' Division.

R U Sinking in Sin?

MADOC.—If we were ever glad in our lives we were saved it is to-day. As we look at the number who are sunken in sin and living without God or a hope of heaven, it makes us, who are God's children, more determined to live and fight and die for Him. Thank God we have a number of this kind in Madoc. We are sure of victory. LIEUT. MINNIE BYERS.

R U a Backslider?

BOBCAYGEON.—Dear readers, this morning I can't report souls, but I can report victory in my own soul, thank God for it. God has been very near to me this past week. He has been teaching me more concerning His will. I am glad to be able to tell you, dear readers, that I can say, "Yes, Lord, Thy will be done. Where He leads I will follow. It is my heart's desire to work for God and to lead the perishing millions to His feet." On Saturday, when selling "War Crys," I was led to thank God for what He had done for me in saving my soul before it was too late. As I looked at the millions drinking down the cup of sin that was taking their souls down to hell, I tell you it made me more determined than ever to lift up the victim of the cross to the dying world than ever before by God's help. Yours,

LIEUT. ELIZABETH ROBINS.

The Great White Throne.

NORLAND.—Since last report seven more souls have laid their burden of sin at the Saviour's feet, and proved that there is power in the blood of Christ to wash away all sin, praise His name. We had grand meetings on Saturday and Sunday last, and on Saturday night two souls came to God and cried unto Him, and we prayed, and after two hours' praying, singing and weeping, the burden rolled away, and at two minutes past twelve they could rejoice with us, knowing that their sins were forgiven; and praise God they let the people know that they were saved on the Sunday, when we had a grand day's fight. I left with my voice gone but Christ in me, and though I can hardly speak this morning, yet I give the glory to God, and go forth and tell of a full and free salvation. I am well saved and happy and living at the Saviour's feet. LIEUT. BROMLEY.

Hell Will Be Hot.

MILLBROOK.—Thank God we are still alive in this proud little town. The devil tries his best to kill us, but thank God we are still able to march along, and with God on our side we have been able to capture five of his followers. Although the weather has been warm and people are very busy, thank God we have nice little meetings and very fair crowds. To God we give all the glory and march on to victory. CAPT. H. CAMERON.

The Judgment Bar.

LINDSAY.—After eight weeks of fighting and victory at Brighton, we received orders to march, and as the crowd gathered to hear our farewell, two souls said goodbye to sin, and found pardon and peace through believing in Christ, making five souls for the week. May God ever keep them faithful. Lindsay being our field of battle for the present, we are going in to win, trusting Jesus for the victory.

CAPT. NENE COOK.

Salvation, a Good Cure-All.

MANVERS.—This last few weeks has proved more than ever to me that how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace to all men. Oh, it is joy to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the lost ones in sin and wickedness. While visiting a sawmill the other day, some of the dear lads made great fun of me, and one of the wildest amongst them thought it great fun to throw some pieces of wood and bark at me while there; but God was with me, and while he was pelting me with bark God enabled me to give him some red hot salvation shots in return, which took effect, and I invited him to the meeting at night, to which he came, and gave himself to God, he and one of his companions with him, and to-day they are Salvation soldiers, doing all they can for the One who has saved them from a life of sin and misery. May God make them soul winners. Since coming here God has wonderfully blessed me in this corner of His vineyard in many ways. Five have professed to get saved, and many have been drawn nearer to God, and there have been twenty-three enroled as soldiers to fight for God and souls under the Army flag till they die; and I tell you the devil does not like it one bit, for he is afraid he will lose some more of his followers, and by the help of God we shall do all that lies in our power to rescue them from his clutches. Yours in the fight,

LIEUT. U. MOSS.

The Sinner's Doom.

WARKWORTH.—After six months of solid fighting in this place, marching orders came, and found us ready to say, "Thy will be done." Since we came here the Lord has blessed our souls and given us souls for our hire, and we leave a corps of blood-and-fire soldiers who are willing to do anything the Lord requires of them. In looking over the past, we can say truly God has been very grateful to us in the way He has led us and for the friends He has given us. We can say from the bottom of our hearts, God bless the Christian people of Warkworth, and especially the minister of the M. E. Church. As we stood on the platform and looked in the faces of kind friends, we can say nothing but "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me; praise His holy name." On Monday night we went down to the Palmetier neighborhood, and as we bid them farewell, seven precious souls bid farewell to sin and the devil, and came over on the Lord's side — one a man 65 years of age, also a father, mother and two daughters, and two young ladies. May God bless this little place, and as we start for our new station we are more determined to lick the devil and win souls for Christ than we ever were in our lives. May He grant it. Amen. Yours for Jesus' sake,

CAPT. DAVIS

Sin Blasts Lives.

OMEMEE.—Here we are again, arrived all safe and sound in the little town of Omemee. Hallelujah! Found everything in good trim to lick the devil. Good meetings all day Sunday. We had the D. O. and the Ranter preacher with us all day, and at night we had the joy of seeing five kneeling at the penitent form. One dear man thought God could save him with his pipe in his mouth, but praise God he found out different, so before he got off from his knees he threw down his pipe, and the D. O. trampled it under his feet. We are believing for victory. Look out for further reports. Comrades, pray for your old

CAPT. DAVE DAVIS.

London and Stratford Division.

Will You be Lost?

SEAFORTH.—Hallelujah to God for ever! Seaforth is not dead, but is still on the good old Zion road. The Lord is feeding us well, and we are not bothered with dyspepsia. One sister in her experience said that she was not what you would call a deep-dyed sinner, but she was a real spit fire, but the Lord has saved her well. Bro. John says that if there was one hundred and one different kinds of religion he believes that some folks would try them all, but he is satisfied with his religion and the Salvation Army, and if he was to backslide that he would have no person to blame but Jack and the devil. One sinner in the fountain Sunday afternoon. All the glory is given to the bleeding Lamb. Yours in the battle field,

LIEUT. T. MAY.

The Groans of Despair.

SARNIA.—We can report victory through the blood of Jesus. Wednesday night a prodigal returned home, and yesterday (Sunday) two more backsliders came back, also an old man, 77 years old, been a hypocrite near all his life, came out for salvation. They all professed to get right with God. May God make them real. CAPT. HILTS.

Christ Rejection! Awful!

LUCAN.—We are still pulling ahead here, some good conversions since last report, rousing open-airs, the crowds rather rough, but God helps us in a marvellous manner. Lieut. Delaney is away on a furlough sick. The people here are very kind to us, they say the Army will come up again in the old 14th Canadian. I believe it will, too, glory be to God for the work he is doing. Remember us to God, if you please, when you're talking to Him, for "Victory!" is the song we sing.

CAPT. A. SLOTE.

Thousands Perish Daily.

CLINTON.—We are fighting in good faith. God is pouring out His spirit upon the meetings, making the soldiers dance and shout, while the sinners sit and tremble. In one meeting God spoke with power to all and every one knelt, both saint and sinner. Thank God, while we look for a greater victory.

KITT AND WILSON.

What About Your Future.

THEDFORD.—This morning, though we can't report souls after our weeks' hard fight, thank God, we can say where sin did once abound in our hearts grace does much more abound. The devil tried hard to upset the meeting last night by sending in what might be called some penny dudes full of whiskey, but the devil generally overshoots the mark. God was there and blessed us much. One soldier speaks of having eight square salvation meals, so the devil didn't rob any of proper food. Thank God, he lives with us. No starvation here. LIEUT. H. SEARS.

Commissioner & Mrs. Coombs,

AFTER OVER 5 YEARS SERVICE IN CANADA, WILL

FAREWELL FOR AUSTRALIA

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, September 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th,

IN TORONTO.

This is the only Chance of Seeing the Commissioner and Wife before they Leave.

Every Day brings Fresh News of Somebody or Collection of Somebodies who have Decided to make Special Efforts to be Present.

Brass Bands are expected from Hamilton, Woodstock, Kingston and Owen Sound.

THE CANADIAN HOUSEHOLD TROOPS' BAND

Will also take part, and so will all the City Corps Bands. Such a blending of Salvation Harmony has never been experienced in the City of Toronto before

Staff and Field Officers, Soldiers and Friends from the East! - - - Staff and Field Officers, Soldiers and Friends from the West!

All Grades, Classes, and Conditions of Mankind are Expected to be Present.

Did you ever wear Red? If so, don't fail to come in your Red Uniform to these Meetings. If not, make a Special Effort and get a Red Tunic or Dress as the Case may be. Red will be the Fashion.

CONDENSED PROGRAMME:

All the Meetings will be Held in the Temple, unless otherwise Stated.

SATURDAY NIGHT—Welcome Meeting to the Visitors.

SUNDAY—A Great Day at all the City Barracks; Staff Officers will Lead Afternoon and Evening. There will also be a Great Open-Air Meeting in Queen's Park with Brass Band.

MONDAY Morning — Great Holiness Meeting; Afternoon, Musical Battle at Richmond Street, Seven Brass Bands will take part. After the Muzical Battle, a Tremendous United March to the Temple for the Mammoth Banquet; Evening, Seventh Anniversary Demonstration, followed by All Night of Prayer.

TUESDAY Afternoon — Public War Council for Officers and Soldiers; Evening, Double Hallelujah Wedding, preceded by a Great Wedding March.

WEDNESDAY Morning and Afternoon—Private Officers' Council, Evening, the Great Final Farewell Meeting of COMMISSIONER and MRS. COOMBS.

THURSDAY Morning—Meet at Temple at 11 o'clock for Short Meeting, and then March in full force to Union Depot to Say Good-Bye. A Tremendous Crowd expected.

BE SURE AND ARRANGE TO STAY FOR

THE GREAT WELCOME MEETINGS

TO

COMMISSIONER ADAMS,

Thursday and Friday, September 19 & 20.

THURSDAY Evening.—7:15, Great Welcome March; 8:00, A Blood-and-Fire Welcome Meeting to Commissioner Adams.
FRIDAY.—Morning and Afternoon, Private Officers' Councils led by Commissioner Adams; Evening, Farewell Holiness Meeting of Staff and Field Officers at Richmond Street, led by Commissioner Adams.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS WILL FAREWELL

At MONTREAL,	Sunday, Monday,	September 1, 2	CHATHAM,	Friday,	September 6
" KINGSTON,	Tuesday, "	3	LONDON,	Saturday, Sunday, "	7, 8

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS:

The Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and other Railways, have arranged to issue Special Cheap Return Fares as below at a few cents above Single Fare. NO TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED WITHOUT A CERTIFICATE, WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED FROM YOUR OFFICER FREE OF CHARGE:

TO MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From			
Almonte	$4 55	Maxville	
Avonmore	2 35	Ottawa	$3 65
Bedford	1 65	Pembroke	6 65
Brockville	3 90	Perth	4 40
Carleton Place	4 40	Prescott	3 50
Chesterville	2 80	Quebec	3 65
Cobden	5 95	Renfrew	5 45
Cowansville	1 90	Sherbrooke	3 50
Kemptville	3 50	Stanstead Junction	
Knowlton	2 45	St. John's	$ 1 30
Lachute	1 40	Toronto	10 15
Magog	4 15	Waterloo	2 45
West Winchester, $2 95			

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From			
Brockville	$3 90	Ottawa	$3 65
Coaticooke	2 25	Prescott	3 50
Cornwall	2 15	Quebec	3 65
Iroquois	3 15	Richmond	2 70
Morrisburgh	2 90	Sherbrooke	1 50
Maxville		St. John's	1 25
Toronto $10 15			

Tickets will be issued August 31st, September 1st and 2nd, good to return up to September 3rd.

TO KINGSTON.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

From Toronto $5 00

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From		
Belleville	$1 80	Napanee $1 10
Deseronto Junction	$1 25	Stirling $1 35
Gananoque "	0 60	Trenton 2 20
Toronto $5 00		

TO CHATHAM.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From			
Bothwell	$0 85	Thamesville	$0 60
Glencoe	1 20	Toronto	5 45
Newbury	1 00	Windsor	1 65

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

From the following Stations to Fargo.

Dutton	$1 10	Woodslee	$1 05
Highgate	0 50	Amherstburgh	1 65
Ridgetown	0 35	Essex Centre	1 20
Tilbury Centre $0 55			

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

From			Desdee
Blenheim		Erie & Huron Junct.	Wallaceburgh

Tickets will be issued September 4th and 6th, good to return up to Sep ember 7th

TO LONDON.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From Toronto $3 55

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From			
Clinton	$1 65	Stratford	$1 90
Exeter	1 10	Stratford	1 10
Forest	1 00	Strathroy	0 75
Goderich	2 05	Strathroy	1 00
Lucan	0 85	St Mary's	0 60
Mitchell	1 30	Tedford	1 35
Parkhill	1 10	Toronto	3 55
Petrolia	1 70	Watford	1 15
Wyoming $1 15			

Tickets will be issued September 6th and 7th, good to return up to September 9th.